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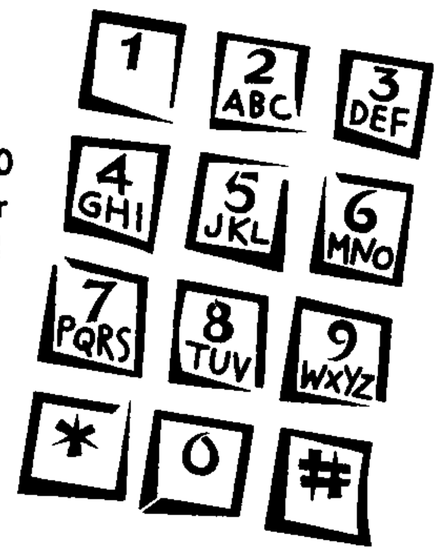


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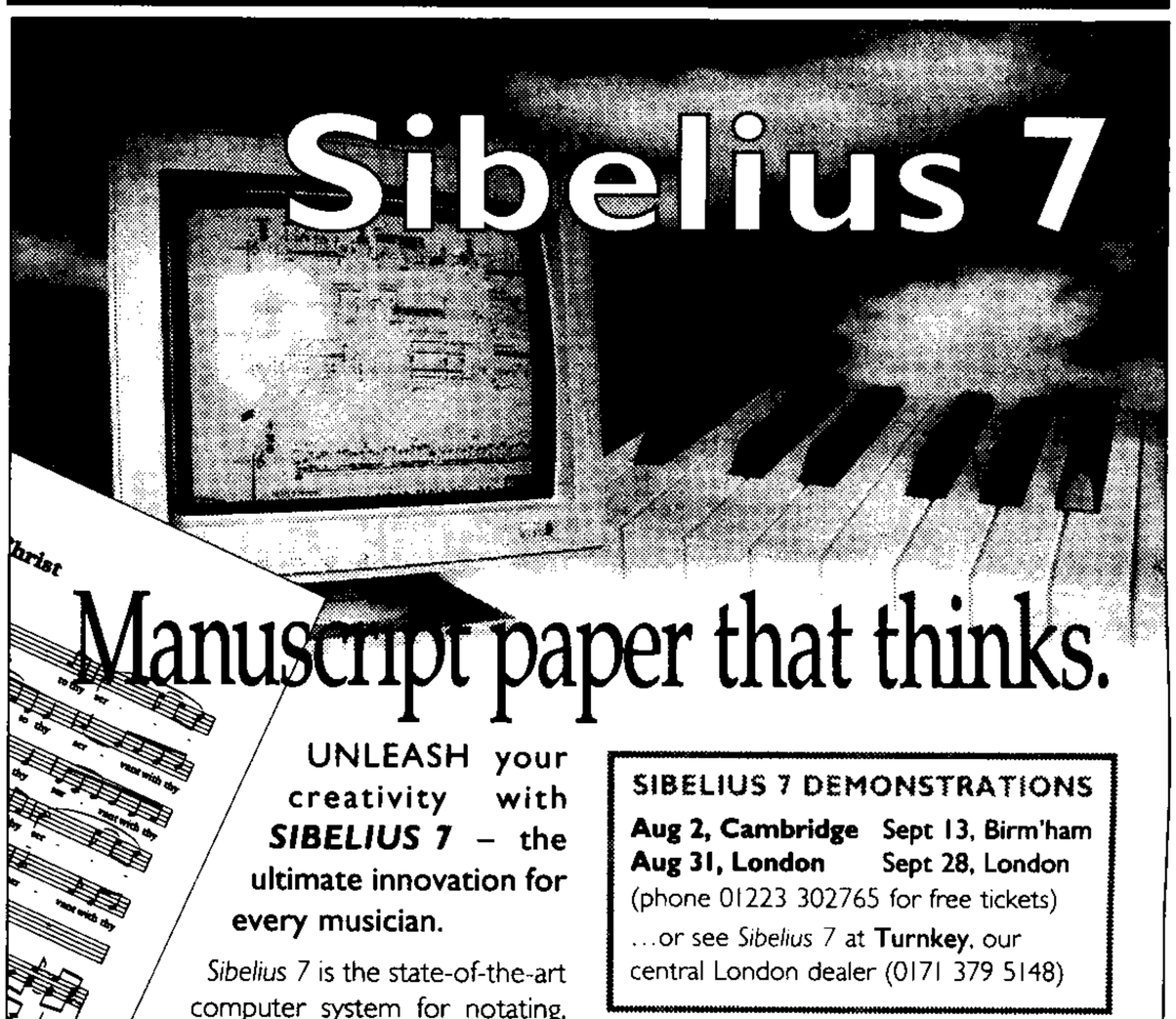
A MEETING OF MINDS



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# Gnome

IT is with great sorrow and regret that I pen this brief and inadequate tribute to one of the greatest men of our times — my old friend, Sir James Goldsmith.

Although he amassed a huge fortune, he was more than just a mere financier. He had a brilliant mind and was widely read, with a library of over 2 million books.

Despite his wealth he never lost touch with ordinary people, many of whom he liberated from the tyranny of employment. Others, like the humble peasants on his Mexican scorpion farm, he deprived of their livelihood.

Later, when he turned to politics, he showed here again his famed Marmite touch, helping his beloved Conservative Party to an overwhelming and glorious defeat at the polls.

Our heartfelt sympathies at this time go out to his hundreds of wives, mistresses, love children, and in particular to his faithful libel lawyer Mr Carter-Ruck, who finds himself cruelly bereaved of his most valuable client.

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
Marmite House
Port Talbot
Mexico

*"She's going to wear some clothes!"*

● ***HALLO! to Diana and Mohamed*** ..... 7
● ***GOODBYE! to Sir Jammy Fishpaste*** .... 28

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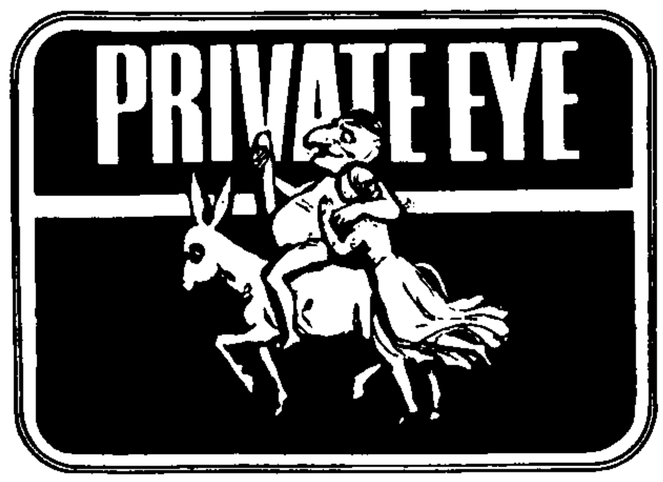


# COLOUR SECTION

**DISGRUNTLED creditors of the Bank of Credit and Commerce International, which collapsed in a worldwide welter of fraud in 1991, are still scratching around for proof of what happened to their money.**

But their interest has been aroused recently by a letter written on 22 October 1990 by Jeffrey Archer, novelist and former deputy chairman of the Tory party, to Archer's old buddy Dildar Risvi.

Risvi was general manager of BCCI in London, where the bank operated from sumptuous offices in Leadenhall Street. Typed on Archer's distinctive notepaper under his address at Alembic House, 93 Albert Embankment, SE1, the letter was as follows:

*"Dear Dildar Risvi, Last August you kindly provided an 'evidence bancaire' on my behalf for a painting by Van Gogh. I would ask you again to be so kind as to repeat the service for a different painting, at your earliest possible opportunity. The letter should be faxed to the Dresdener Bank in Stuttgart (Fax No 010 49 711 200 8616) and should read as follows:*

*'(Start).*

*Attention Director Kohlnetz, "Nympheas".*

*Reference: Wildenstein 1730. Artist: Claude Monet. Price: US$ 9.6 million.*

*This is to inform you that one of our clients is interested in the above mentioned painting and has access to the requisite funds necessary to acquire it. On receipt of this letter please be so kind as to contact Frau Walter.'*

*(End)*

*Please let me know as you have sent this fax."*

What surprises creditors of the bank about this letter is that Archer could ask for a reference for such an enormous sum (and at least in one case be granted it) when he did not appear to have an account at BCCI. Moreover, though Archer's art collection is legendary, few who have seen it can recollect a Van Gogh or a Monet.

When contacted about this matter, Archer is dismissive. He has admitted that he recalls a "small service" from the bank along the lines of the letter, but insists that nothing came of it and that this was the only time he sought such a reference. This response appears to overlook his admission in his letter that he had used the "small service" of BCCI before — to get an "evidence bancaire" for a Van Gogh.

---

**IN a letter on page 14 John Redwood, shadow secretary for trade and industry, criticises an *Eye* article for being "full of innuendo but no fact". The following article deals not at all in innuendo, only in fact.**

FACT NUMBER ONE: John Redwood has been much in the news lately denouncing Lord Simon, Labour's new competitions minister, over the noble lord's retention of £2.15m worth of shares in BP.

FACT NUMBER TWO: Redwood's stern demeanour and ponderous delivery suggest he is aloof from worldly wealth-gathering — and that his interests are so purely ideological they could never conflict.

FACT NUMBER THREE: From the early age of 22, Redwood was a paid adviser and investment manager for two prominent City banks, Robert Fleming and N.M. Rothschild.

FACT NUMBER FOUR: From 1983 to 1985 he was "seconded" to 10 Downing Street to head Margaret Thatcher's policy unit. His special brief was the planned privatisation of publicly-owned utilities and services.

FACT NUMBER FIVE: In 1987 he became MP for the safe Tory seat of Wokingham, and declared his Rothschild directorship.

FACT NUMBER SIX: In 1989 he resigned his directorships when he was promoted to the Thatcher government as a junior minister at the department of trade. His brief was to supervise the privatisation he had so assiduously prepared.

FACT NUMBER SEVEN: The chief immediate beneficiaries of the privatisations which followed were City banks, notably N.M. Rothschild, which scooped many millions of public money in fees for the privatisations of British Telecom, Britoil, British Gas, Royal Ordnance, British Airways, Rolls Royce, British Airports Authority, British Petroleum, British Steel, Northern Ireland Electricity and British Coal, to name but a few.

FACT NUMBER EIGHT: In 1990 Redwood was promoted to minister of state at the DTI where, like Lord Simon today, he was in charge of promoting industrial competition.

FACT NUMBER NINE: Messianic about the case for unadulterated competition, he agreed to be interviewed for *The Fix*, a 1992 BBC 2 programme about price rings, especially in the building industry. He started by fulminating against the way such rings stultify competition and encourage slothful monopoly.

FACT NUMBER TEN: He was then asked about price-fixing in 1984 by UBM, a subsidiary of the big building supplier Norcros, which had been declared illegal by the office of fair trading (OFT).

FACT NUMBER ELEVEN: He was reminded that at the time of the illegal deal, he was a director of Norcros.

FACT NUMBER TWELVE: He replied that he knew nothing about the deal, and that such deals were not the policy of his company.

Asked whether UBM had been sold by Norcros in 1986 precisely because the illegal deal had been uncovered, he replied: "No, that was not the main reason."

FACT NUMBER THIRTEEN: Even on the Tory frontbench there is no one better qualified than John Redwood to lecture ministers on possible conflicts of interest.

---

**THE lord chancellor's department is the right place to seek an opinion on the viability of a Charles-Camilla marriage. For the lord chancellor himself, Lord Irvine, enjoys a happy marriage thanks to an earlier spot of adultery.**

In 1970 Alison Dewar — wife of Donald, the present secretary of state for Scotland — left her husband and took their small son and daughter with her to join Alexander Irvine, a rising young barrister. Dewar divorced her on the grounds of adultery.

The event left bitterness. The two men did not speak again for 20 years (until the funeral of John Smith, who had been present at the original Dewar wedding), and Dewar has never remarried.

It would have been difficult for the lord chancellor to place any obstacle in the way of Charles when he is a beneficiary himself of such shenanigans.

---

**WHATEVER happened to Glasgow Central Labour MP Mike Watson, who failed to be nominated for the Govan seat when the (currently suspended) Mohammed Sarwar objected — and won the second ballot. Labour's national executive had ruled that Watson's one-vote victory at the first was "inaccurate".**

Mike has now joined leading Scottish Tory Struan Stevenson as a senior director with political lobbyists PS Public Affairs Consultants, and was quoted as saying that "lobbying has been discredited to some extent". How right he is.

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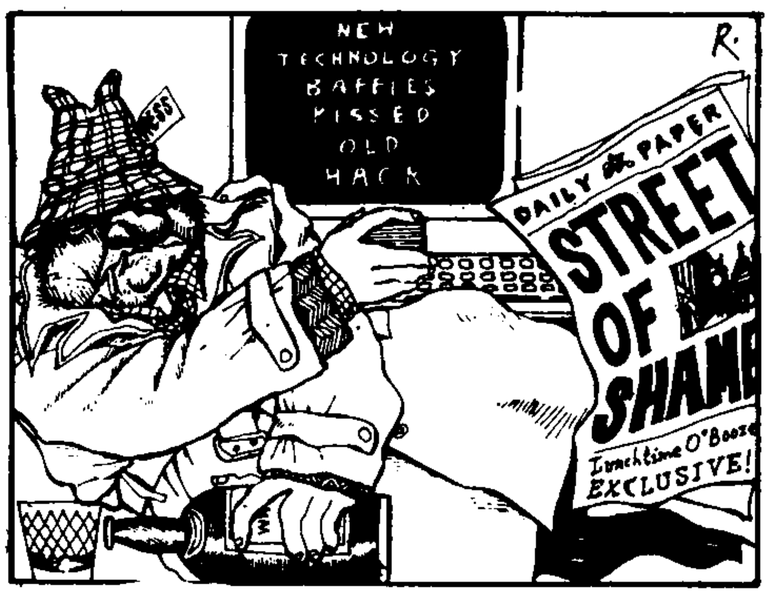



**ONE of Princess Diana's most vociferous critics for spending a holiday with Mohamed Fayed was the columnist Henry Porter. In the *Evening Standard* he poured out a very predictable critique. "The judgement of the Princess of Wales... plainly suffered a lapse," he wrote. "To expose herself to this tubby social climber's hospitality would be bad enough, but to include Prince William and Prince Harry in the jaunt without informing their father is to suggest that she has succumbed to the allure of a yacht in the sun..."**

On and on it went. Fayed has "corrupted parliament" and Diana has "suspended her critical faculties" etc etc. Strange that Porter failed to mention that he is being paid by *Vanity Fair* to coordinate its defence against a libel action from Fayed which will come to court in October.

**TERRIFIED hacks at the *European* have found a novel way of discovering new editor-in-chief Andrew Neil's plans has for them.**

A smoking room is provided for addicts, but lately all staff, non-smokers included, have been piling into this tiny chamber. It is separated from the editor's office by a flimsy chipboard wall, through which they can hear all Neil's phone conversations.

**THE Curse of Gnome has struck David Miller, veteran chief sports reporter of the *Times*, who threatened to sue the *Eye* when we drew attention to his fondness for helping his Olympic chum, Juan Antonio Samaranch.**

After the report in *Eye* 908 Miller was summoned before managing editor James MacManus to account for himself. Soon afterwards, Rob Hughes found himself appointed chief sports writer, with Miller reduced to the occasional football report. Coverage of matters Olympic in the *Times* dwindled to almost nil, something sure to displease His Excellency Samaranch (who before he became head of the world sporting body which is devoted to promoting international peace and harmony had been prominent in Spain as one of General Franco's colleagues).

Now Miller has left the *Times* altogether. But this did not prevent him from turning up in Monte Carlo last month, where he was handing out his impressive CV (including the authorship of fawning books about Samaranch and failed Tory MP Sebastian Coe) and telling anyone who would listen what legal action he intended to take against his formerly generous employers at Wapping.

What Miller did not divulge while on the Cote D'Azur was who had paid for his air fare and hotel bills. After so many years of benefiting from Miller's puffery, his pal Samaranch surely ought to be willing to pick up the tab.

**AUTHOR Chris Horrie, who has written searing exposés of the *Sun* and the BBC, once told an interviewer: "I like to take the piss out of pompous people. People are entitled to do it to me if they like, but I'm really much too dull to be written about."**

Horrie, who is head lecturer on the London College of Printing's journalism degree course, was recently shocked to read an interview with one of his former students in the *Times* "Good University Guide" in which the former pupil declared: "You learn more in two days on the job than you do in two years at university."

Outraged, Horrie sent his former student a scrawled note, calling him, among other things, a "lying little toe-rag" and "a rotter", and telling him he didn't learn anything because "he didn't do any work". Stones and glass houses, any one?

**"SAVE Our Railways is not as unbiased as it claims," Ian Brown wrote in the *Spectator*, denouncing the rail pressure group's tendency to look for problems with the rail network instead of recognising its successes.**

Most of all, Brown was cross with Save Our Railway's attacks on Railtrack. Railtrack, he maintained, was a good thing and much more efficient than British Rail ever was. He finished: "Unlike Save Our Railways, they [Railtrack] have a vested interest in success."

What a coincidence that a fortnight later the *Spectator* carried a full-page colour advertisement from... Railtrack.

**THE *Sunday Times* thought it had spotted its favourite kind of story in a small leftwing magazine called *Lobster*, which had discovered a sinister-sounding right-wing group called the British American Project for the Successor Generation.**

Former US president Ronald Reagan first mentioned the need to nurture the "successor generation" in 1983 in the face of rising opposition to the siting of cruise and Pershing missiles in western Europe. A few years later, the project was launched with cash from a trust with a history of supporting rightwing causes.

The project aimed to build bridges between influential people on either side of the Atlantic. Most interesting of all for the *Sunset Times* were the British politicians who had been recruited: not just the expected right-wing loony Tories but a number of right-wing Blairites, including the current northern Ireland minister Mo Mowlam, defence secretary George Robertson and heritage secretary Chris Smith, to name but a few.

An excited *Sunset Times* news editor Mark Skipworth went to the weekly news conference with this big "scoop". Editor John Witherow was on his summer hols, so his deputy Martin Ivens was in the chair. Ivens stunned Skipworth by dismissing the story out of hand. The amazed conference asked why. "Because I'm a member of the British American Project too," he replied.

**RICHARD "Monk" Addis continues his reign of torpor and back-stabbing at the plummeting *Express*, now turning on his own protegés.**

His latest victim is Jasper Gerard, brought on to the paper to head the Saturday leisure section which, like most of the editor's brilliant ideas, was soon killed off.

Gerard now has to answer to humourless new features supremo Sue Crawford — but he refused to work for her unless specifically ordered to do so by Addis. For the past fortnight there has been a stand-off as Addis, in his usual gutless way, has been "unavailable".

However, the editor appears to be working overtime. He's been spotted in the early hours leaving an address in Balham, obviously chosen for its proximity to work, clearly anxious to get back to making his staff's lives a misery and reducing still further the paper's pathetic circulation.

**THIS month's *Mensa Magazine* has an unpleasant stain on its letters page: a complaint that people are being imprisoned for voicing arguments that deny the reality of the holocaust.**

The letter comes from a South African correspondent, Stephen Goodson, who belongs to the Zundel revisionist group. In his letter he also directs brainy Mensa readers to a website which, he says, contains evidence against the holocaust.

The site in question also carries pages of unpleasant neo-nazi material which decries the biological alteration of mixing races and talks of the inevitable bloodshed of racial conflict. So why did the magazine print Goodson's letter?

The answer may lie with editor Simon Clark, who has an illustrious past as editor of the controversial right-wing student magazine *Campus*. That was banned by six student unions after it covered such topics as the hanging of homosexuals.

Since becoming editor Clark has thrilled Mensa members with articles by his mate Gary Bushell on such intellectual topics as how much Bushell fancies Pamela Anderson. Is this latest letter a sign of even more offensive things to come?

**GRAUNIAD arts correspondent Dan Glaister was ecstatic after the Ivor Novello awards where he pulled off a scoop: a rare interview with Stannard and Row, aka the writers of hits (sorry, co-writers) for the Spice Girls.**

Expecting herograms and pay rises, Glaister was instead brutally told that his great scoop would not be appearing. Why not? Because, he was advised sheepishly, the next day the *Grauniad* was running a double-page spread on the reclusive duo entitled "The Men Who Never Speak".

## SUCKER PUNCH

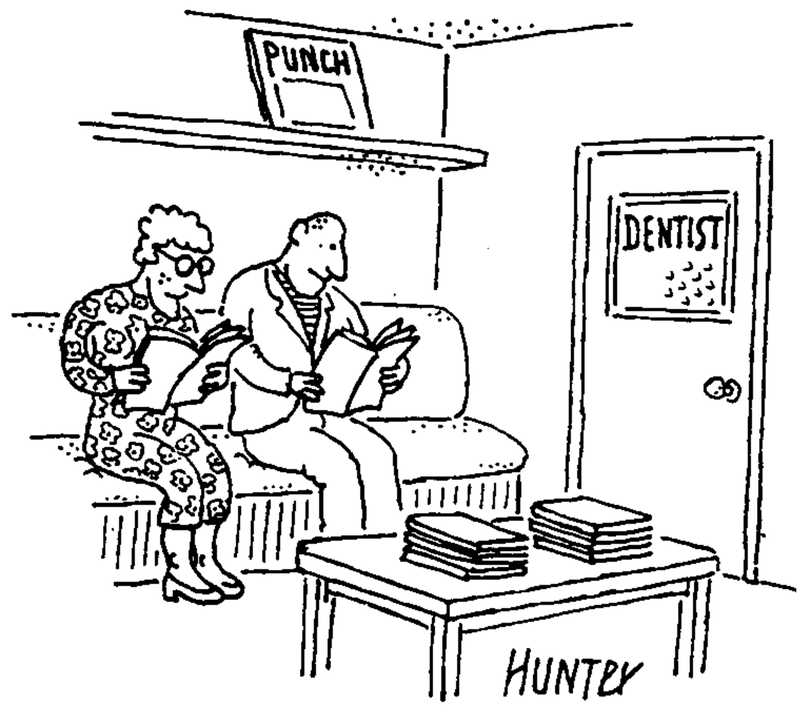
**THE re-re-relaunched *Punch* has achieved what was thought impossible — by being even more pisspoor than its predecessor. But it does have at least one fan, in the shape of Harrods managing director C.P. de Boer.**

"As you may be aware," he writes excitedly to the store's sales managers and department heads, "*Punch* magazine, a weekly publication, has undergone a relaunch and Harrods is eager to provide assistance by promoting and selling the magazine internally." He therefore commands that the mag "will be displayed and sold at every till point throughout the store". Oddly enough, he neglects to add that *Punch* is owned by his boss, Mohamed Fayed.

To ensure that staff are properly motivated, de Boer says that "each month sales figures for the magazine will be reviewed and a prize of £25 of Harrods gift vouchers will be awarded to the sales assistant on each floor who has sold the most copies".

As if that weren't incentive enough, he has now sent a separate memo to all Harrods employees describing the "unashamedly funny comment and spiky opinion" to be found in Fayed's throbbing organ. "I am pleased to inform you," he reveals, "that you are entitled to receive a preferential rate on a subscription to *Punch*." These subscription terms are £20.80 for six months, or £40.80 for a full year of unashamed hilarity. "I hope you will take advantage of this special offer," he pleads.

De Boer certainly knows a thing or two about "taking advantage": the subscription rates available to the general public, which for some reason aren't included in his letter, are £17.85 for six months and £35.70 for a year.




**THE ailing *Punch* has incurred the wrath of James Palumbo, owner of the Ministry of Sound nightclub.**

In a unique attempt at graphic innovation, the "magazine" has brazenly used the nightclub's logo under the heading "Ministry of Sleaze" to illustrate one of its pisspoor columns.

Palumbo is irritated that *Punch* did not have the courtesy to ask his permission, so he has instructed his PR consultant Brian Basham to get the rag-mag to withdraw it.

As Basham's party trick used to be biting chunks out of champagne glasses, it is to be hoped that no harm befalls the publication or its owner, Mohamed Fayed, whose own PR consultant happens to be... er, Brian Basham.

# HALLO!

## THE HEARTWARMING COLUMN

**HALLO! TO St Tropez with my generous chum Mohamed Fayed and a distinctly unstable Princess of Wales.**

**His vast villa is a touch *nouveau*, but happily we can repair to one of his four huge yachts: the Jonikal, a £35m floating palace; Sakara, a three-masted schooner; Cuzo, a former US naval launch; or the luxurious 60ft Ramses.**

**We all guffaw at the pursuing British hacks — especially when the Cuzo tries to sink their boat! — but Diana is unpredictable. One day she preens for them, all legs and cleavage; the next she insists Mohamed lean on the French marine police to chase them off — before promptly performing dizzily for the French paparazzi!**

**One of our party tells me she has a new nick-name: Buttercup. Why? Because she's a mad cow.**

**HALLO!** *NO DOUBT seeking respite from his detractors, every morning Mohamed goes for a swim around the boat. Touchingly, I notice a flunkey walks around the deck, keeping pace with the Harrods owner.*

*He is obviously concerned for his boss's safety because he trails a lifebelt through the water an arm's length ahead of our host. However, one morning the Curzo comes racing round, pretending to be a police launch, and nearly drowns poor Mr Fayed in its diesel-polluted wake!*

**HALLO!** BACK in Blighty the dirty tricks campaign against Mohamed continues, and an anonymous fax is sent to me purporting to be a transcript of some of his telephone conversations.

Mohamedgate? I think not. Though it pretends to be an affidavit, with Mohamed supposedly swearing this is a true translation from Arabic of various phone calls, it is patently a fake.

Mohamed, as Diana and Neil Hamilton can attest, is a gentleman. He would never refer to one Gulf ruler as "a dirty stupid son of a dog" or to a crown prince as "the fat stomach"

Even more ridiculous is a snippet which runs: "All the British sons of bitches... I am the only Egyptian who has thousands of them working for me. I rub their noses in the mud... I am their master and they are my servants."

A forgery, clearly!

**HALLO! MEANWHILE poor Prince Charles is having problems too (in addition to seeing his raving mad ex-wife virtually stripping starkers in St Trop to upstage the 50th birthday party he is throwing at Highgrove for Camilla).**

**At Brian's Institute for Architecture, run for years as an extravagant gravy train, the new director Richard Hodges has come up against the entrenched interests. The board of directors was sacked last Christmas, but useless (paid) chairman Lord Morris of Morris cannot be dislodged.**

**Worse, Robert Higton, the institute's American fundraiser (and a crony of Baroness Thatcher who helps organize the ridiculous Thatcher Foundation) is allegedly paid $600,000 a year. No wonder the institute can hardly pay lecturers.**

**HALLO!** THE BBC, celebrating 30 years of Radio 1, has been paying lavish tributes to my old friend Kenny Everett, who died of Aids two years ago.

It rounded up all surviving Jurassic Park DJs to celebrate his life and times but — curiously — studiously ignored the most obvious source for reminiscence: a fascinating new biography of Kenny by *Independent* hack David Lister.

I am sure this has nothing to do with the amusing description it contains of Kenny's hippy-dippy '60s wedding, where the punch was laced with exotic chemicals and one particular guest was happily high as a kite all day... nor the fact that this guest was a rising young TV producer called... John Birt.

**HALLO!** GERALD RATNER, of crap jewellery fame, was upset by my item on his new health club, The Workshop, which is about to open in Henley-on-Thames (see last *Eye*).

Fellow director Tony Colborne writes to say the club does have planning permission for a swimming pool. And it does. Between the local council saying that no decision had been made and publication date, permission was "sent out". Mr Colborne also assures us that no one will have to pay a membership fee until the club actually opens.

The Marquesa, alas, must have been over-excited by news of Mr Colborne's recent financial triumphs. Last October, after problems paying rent on his Henley house, Reading county court issued a possession order and awarded the landlord £5,000 in unpaid rent, plus £500 costs.

Then Henley royal regatta had a spot of bother with Mr Colborne, who was licensed to sell regatta mugs and T-shirts. In November, Reading county court issued judgment against his company for £2,919, which the regatta club has never seen. His suppliers also obtained a county court judgment, for £20,000 plus, and in May this year a winding-up order was made against his company, Worldsport International Limited.

So brave of Tony to jump, with Gerald, into the deep end again!

**HALLO!** *TURBULENT times for the Anglican church: after losing billions in property speculation, it is now riven by a row about bishops' chauffeurs.*

*The Church Times of 11 July carried a splendid article drawing attention to the comments of Jan Herbert, wife of the bishop of St Albans, who says: "I do wish I could meet these chauffeur-driven bishops."*

*This would be easy enough to arrange. The same issue carries a job advert which states, "The Bishop of Rochester requires a chauffeur..."*

# LUVVIES

"It is a very undemocratic space. Going to the balcony is like living through a cultural apartheid."

**ADRIAN NOBLE, RSC Artistic Director (on cheap seats at the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in Stratford) Independent**

Actor John Goodman has been winning rave reviews for his portrayal of Falstaff in an American stage production of Shakespeare's Henry IV. But he admits the role is tough going. He said: "It is not like falling off a bicycle. It's like to trying to drag a bicycle up Mount McKinley."

**Exeter Express & Echo**

**HALLO!** *SEVERAL tycoons of the Marquesa's acquaintance are showing an unusual interest in an affidavit sworn recently by a high-class call-girl, living in Spain, in which she describes how she and other Euro-tarts were flown out to the Middle East as "bon-bons" for certain Sheikhs of Araby. The man who procured the hookers, a well-known London businessman, paid them all himself in cash and insisted on being known only as "Mr Michael". Who could this shy but generous fellow be?*

**HALLO!** THE beastly persecution of heroic swordsman Jonathan Aitken continues — and now even the armed forces have turned viciously on their former boss.

When last I visited RAF Fealand, near Chester — which boasts at the front gates that it is "Europe's premier electronics repair facility" — there was a splendid plaque on the wall of the avionics workshop, Building Thirteen. A proud announcement boasted that it had been officially opened five years before by none other than the Rt Hon Jonathan Aitken MP, Minister of Defence Procurement.

But no more. Last week, in a SAS-style pre-dawn swoop, an RAF warrant officer removed the offending plaque and Jonathan has officially been airbrushed out of history.

**HALLO! TO Elizabeth Murdoch's palatial home in Kingston-upon-Thames for her lavish 28th birthday bash. Her loveable daddy, Rupert, is in remarkably jocular humour. So merry, in fact, that if one didn't know the Dirty Digger you'd almost think he'd had a few.**

**Then Rupert does a very odd thing. He tries to make Peter Mandelson, Labour's confirmed *eminence grise*, dance with pink-cheeked *Times* editor Peter Stothard.**

**The pair demur, but Rupert persists with his little jape. He tries to push them together and make them take the dance floor, gleefully exhorting the two blushing Peters to "get on down".**

**HALLO!** *MANY of "new" Labour's new peers are having middle-class panic attacks trying to think up suitable heraldic devices to go with their splendidly posh ermine gowns. But the fiery old bolshevik Joan Lestor, a former Labour minister and until recently MP for Eccles, has had no such difficulty. Joan is toying with the engagingly aristocratic notion of having for her coat of arms... an Eccles cake!*

*Having one's cake and eating it? How deliciously "new" Labour!*

**'The Marquesa'**

**MANDY ENGLISH was a Labour councillor in Durham when she began campaigning for justice for her stepson Philip English, who was convicted aged 15 of murdering a policeman in Gateshead — even though he was not on the scene when the murder occurred.**

Mandy's valiant efforts culminated last week in the House of Lords where five law lords ruled unanimously that Philip's conviction must be quashed. So how did Mandy's local Labour party contribute to her valiant fight for justice?

Local party officials did all they could to discourage her campaign. When she adamantly continued it, they very publicly de-selected her. At an unusually well-attended meeting she was voted out by just three votes.

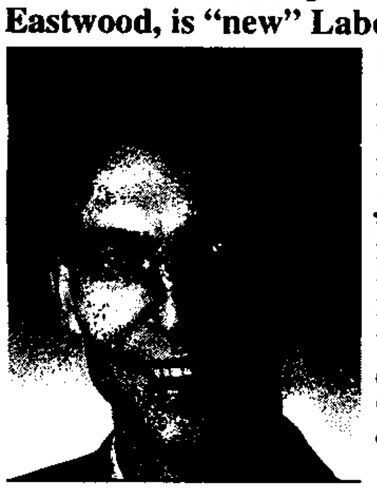
Mandy appealed, raising 18 irregularities in the procedure and citing a number of national party rules that had been breached. Although these included allowing members to join up at short notice (one of the critical issues originally used by "new" Labour against the far left), the national party declined to intervene. Subsequently one local party member tried to justify the decision, commenting in the *Newcastle Journal*: "If Mandy English had spent as much time and energy on campaigning for the people of Stanley as she has for her stepson, we would all be a lot happier."

This provoked outrage among her then county council colleagues, 30 of whom signed a letter praising her "dedication and hard work" on behalf of the people she represented, and pointing out that "she could have ignored the fate of her stepson. It is to her credit that she has fought so hard in his case because of a sense of injustice".

But "new" Labour clearly didn't want a burning sense of injustice interfering with its party-of-law-and-order election strategy. Local officials remonstrated with some of the councillors who had signed the letter of support, and also rebuked party members for attending a Philip English fundraising event. Earlier, a Michael Winner memorial plaque to the murdered policeman had been unveiled by a local Labour MP at a particularly inappropriate time — within a week of English's original appeal. The MP in question, who was apparently unaware that the case ranked as one of the great contemporary injustices in the English legal system, represented the neighbouring Sedgefield constituency: Tony Blair.

## THE NEW BOYS 4: Jim Murphy

**FRESH-FACED Jim Murphy, 30, MP for Eastwood, is "new" Labour's idea of the perfect member of parliament. Indeed, it is likely he will be used as a role model by which to judge future Labour hopefuls once Mandy Mandelson has introduced his new vetting procedure designed to discard "wrinklies" and "leftwingers".**



Being tall, good looking, young, loyal and horribly right-wing are recommendations in themselves, but Murphy has another attribute in demand in "new" Labour circles — he is not particularly bright.

The son of a plumber and a dinner lady who emigrated from South Africa to Glasgow, young Jim had all the right-on credentials in the anti-apartheid 1980s. A graduate of the University of Strathclyde, he soon involved himself in the murky world of student politics, inheriting the presidency of the National Union of Students from Lorna Fitzsimons (now also an MP) in a classic Labour Students stitch up. The shabby Murphy soon persuaded the union's executive he needed a clothes allowance for "television appearances" and "for meetings with the education secretary, Gillian Shephard".

One of his first actions was to disband the London region of the NUS on the grounds that it was riddled with "Trots", even though he had once been something of a "Trot" himself. His media soundbite "realism not revolution" provided easy cover for the most dramatic "U" turns in NUS history when he corralled the union into accepting "new" Labour's plans for student loans. This went a great deal further than the then Conservative government had dared hope — never mind implement — and Murphy was the subject of an adulatory early-day motion from Tory MP John Butcher congratulating him on "ditching grants for loans". Butcher appreciated that Murphy had a great future ahead of him, remarking: "He is obviously a possible 'new' Labour candidate — whenever Labour changes it policy he [Murphy] changes his line."

Not surprisingly Murphy was soon snapped up by the Scottish Labour hierarchy, by now desperately anxious to prove its loyalty to Tony Blair. He was assigned to a new position of "special projects officer" and expended great energy in setting up a shadowy organisation to advance the "new" Labour cause calling itself "The Network". Its greatest achievement was the purging of leftwingers and assorted feminists from the Scottish executive at a sparsely attended regional conference. One veteran Labour activist who found herself thrown off was Rosina McCrae, who informed hacks: "For the first time I feel that I am an enemy in my own party after 23 years as a member."

With the boy having done good, the soccer-mad Murphy was lined up for the seemingly hopeless seat of Eastwood as a dry run for the next election. But his chances had already been improved by the resignation of the pick axe-wielding Alan Stewart from the government, and Murphy found himself in parliament with a majority of 3,236.

In recent weeks he has been spotted with the Scottish Nationalist-hating Brian Wilson, another former leftie who has cut his coat to further his ambitions. With such a distinguished track record, there is only one way for Murphy to go — up.

*'Cassius'*

**THE election of Yorkshire boy William Hague as Tory leader has failed to impress the locals.**

The Conservative club in the North Yorkshire village of Pateley Bridge — not a million miles from Hague's Richmond constituency — has just changed its name to the Pateley Club. Apparently they think that dropping the name "Conservative" will attract more customers.

**MARGARET HODGE is the Labour MP for Barking and a chum of prime minister Tony Blair, but not long ago she was plain Councillor-Comrade Hodge at Islington council.**

However, a recent report in the *Local Government Chronicle* suggests she has put her days at the town hall far behind her. Hodge had told a meeting of local authority chief executives that local councillors were "low calibre", and she gave that as a reason for introducing elected mayors. "What can you expect when many of them are over 45 and retired?" she asked.

This tirade comes only a few years after Hodge's own exit from Islington. She was "counted out" after not attending council meetings for six months without due cause — she was in her late forties at the time.

In Hodge's constituency, most of the councillors on Barking and Dagenham borough council are in their fifties, sixties and even seventies. Her remarks are expected to go down a storm: the next council meeting is billed as "The revenge of the Wrinklies".

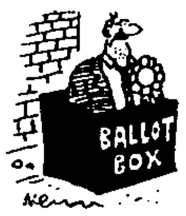
**MARGARET BECKETT, president of the board of trade, contributed to the continuing pollution of Britain when she opened the Connah's Quay gas-fired power station in north Wales on behalf of PowerGen, the privatised electricity company.**

Connah's Quay uses combined cycle gas turbines, a process denounced by one of her predecessors, Frank Dobson, when he was shadow energy spokesman, as "the dash for gas". He said so many disobliging things about it in opposition he was moved to health in government to make it less likely his own words would be quoted against him.

Mrs Beckett was delighted by the power station. It has "a thermal efficiency of 55 per cent", she announced. "That means more energy for your pound!" It also means 45 percent of the gas it burns will be wasted. And it means that Connah's Quay will deposit 3.5 million tonnes of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere every year, according to gas expert Dr Max Wallis.

But, as the treasury would point out, it requires less capital investment than clean technologies, such as offshore wind and wave power. So, in the short term, which is all that concerns the treasury, and before the price of gas goes up, it is cheap. And cheap is beautiful.

The burning of gas will also be good news for Beckett's minister for trade and competitiveness, Lord Simon, and those administering the "blind trusts" handling his bulging portfolio of BP shares. BP is best known as an oil company — but 20 percent of its vast wealth comes from selling gas. The greater the demand for gas, the higher the price will rise.



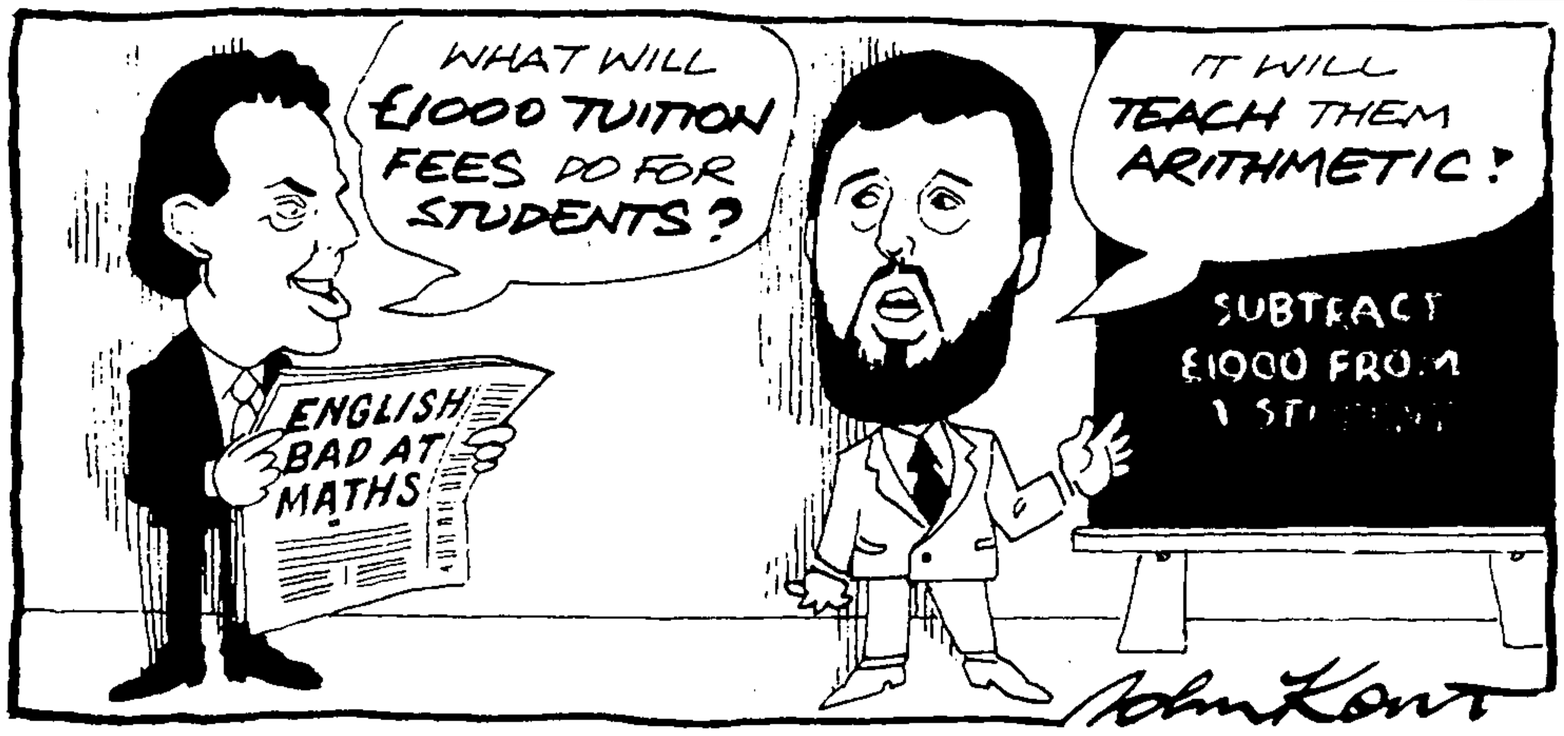

## JOBWATCH

**NICHOLAS BUDGEN, the Tory who lost Wolverhampton South West to Labour's Jenny Jones by 5,118 votes, is going to have to brush up on his legalese if he is to keep working as a barrister.**

He made a low key appearance at the shabby Knutsford crown court in Cheshire last week defending an 18-year-old on legal aid who was facing a minor burglary charge. He caused the odd titter in court by referring to the "weed" in the case as "marijuana". Since Budgen last trod the boards as a junior barrister the legal world now refers to it as "cannabis".

Estimates are that he will pick up about £200 for his half day's work — not bad for one so recently unemployed and still in line to receive a redundo cheque from the House of Commons.

*'Backbiter'*


WHAT WILL £1000 TUITION FEES DO FOR STUDENTS?
ENGLISH BAD AT MATHS
IT WILL TEACH THEM ARITHMETIC!
SUBTRACT £1000 FRO
John Kent

# NOOKS and CORNERS

**IS IF to compensate for a profound spiritual or cultural void, British politicians have seemed desperate somehow to celebrate the passing of the second millennium (as I keep pointing out, most other countries are not bothering). Yet the year 2000AD has Christian significance above all, or it has none. It certainly has no particular special importance for Britain.**

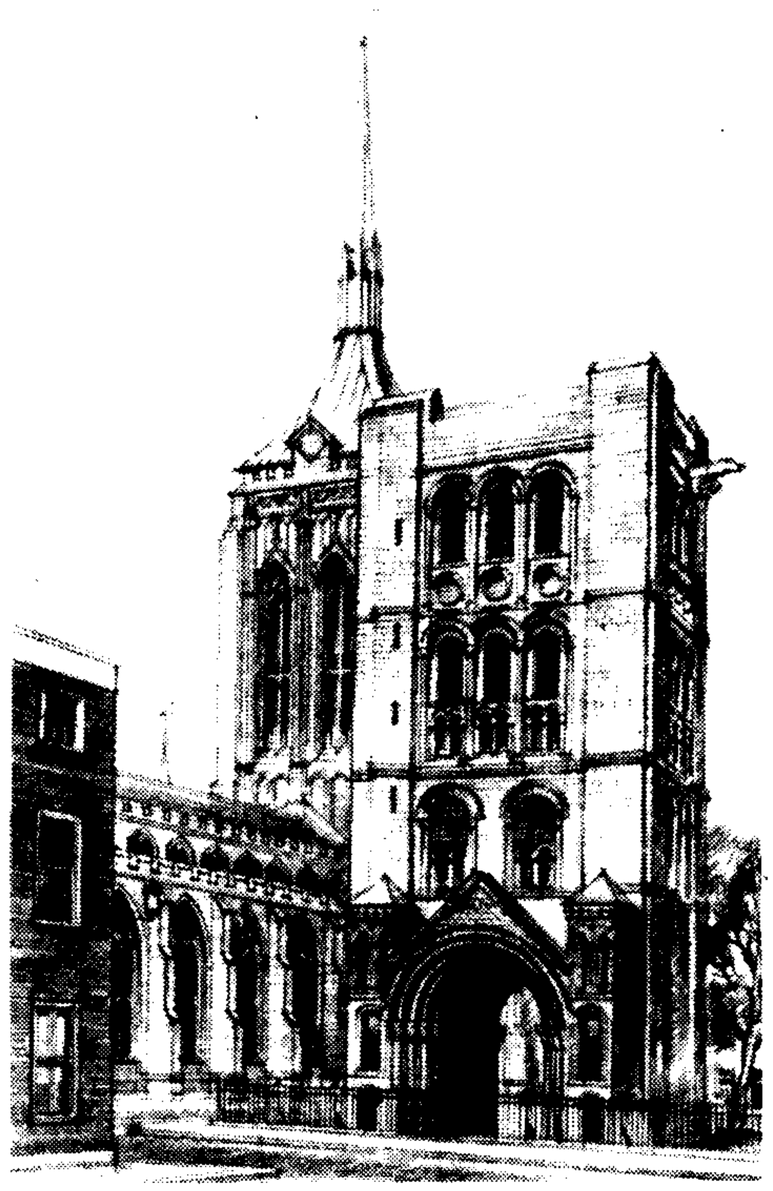
You might think, therefore, that projects with a particular Christian purpose might be favoured to mark the changing of a digit in the calendar, but no. The only serious one that I am aware of is that to complete Bury St Edmunds cathedral. This is a late medieval church raised to cathedral status which the architect Stephen Dykes Bower — last of the Gothic Revivalists — gave a new choir and cloister. And when he died in 1994, he left £2m to Bury to complete what is sorely missing: a central steeple.

So here is a serious, pastoral, architecturally desirable Christian proposal. It enjoys local backing in Suffolk, and now, after years of opposition, the support of the Duke of Grafton. Yet not only was the Bury tower turned down by the Church of England's own interfaith committee charged to look at millennium projects, it has now been twice rejected by the millennium commission.

In some ways, perhaps, this second slap in the face is not altogether a bad thing as in 1995 the commission turned down the fine design for tall tower with a spire that Dykes Bower hoped to see raised. A second attempt was then made with a cheaper, reduced low crossing tower without a spire based on a design by Dykes Bower which he certainly never wanted to be built, but the commissioners are now reluctant to shortlist even this.

But why? All Bury asked for was a mere £5m, yet the commissioners have written to the provost of the cathedral that its funds are "massively oversubscribed". Really? What, of course, that actually means is that all the money sloshing around in the millennium lottery fund has now been earmarked for the millennium exhibition at Greenwich — a project with no purpose, no Christian significance, which nobody wants apart from friends and cronies of the architect Lord Rogers of Riverside and a handful of naive politicians (*Eyes passim*) and which, at the last count, is only going to need some £600m. Something wrong, surely?

I notice that, at long, long last, a few journalists are looking beyond Rogers' legendary charm, bronzed good looks, expense accounts at his wife's fashionable restaurant, etc, and daring to voice a few mild reservations. Jonathan Clancey in the *Grauniad* even observed that "though uncorrupt, he is certainly no saint and can be over sensitive to criticism". That is certainly putting it mildly.



In *Eyes* 906 and 908 I described how My Lord Rogers was a little anxious about an American book by Stuart Brand called *How Buildings Learn* and how his lawyers cowed craven Penguin into declining to publish an English paperback edition — a fatwah against Salman Rushdie is as nothing, after all, compared with a letter from Messrs Theodore Goddard. Now an English edition has finally been published — by Orion — thanks to the fact that the BBC is now showing a six-part television series based on the book. But you will look in vain in it for Mr Brand's opinions on such masterpieces as the Pompidou Centre and Lloyd's of London, as these paragraphs have been removed.

So what terrible things did Mr Brand say? Merely that, "Lloyds Tower... is a spectacular case of a building that set out to be adaptive and failed. Designed with great fanfare by Sir Richard Rogers [as he then was], it was one of the most expensive buildings ever made. A 1988 survey showed that 75 per cent of its occupants wanted to move back to their old 1958 building across the street. The vaunted adaptivity in the building was all high-tech and at a grandiose scale, oblivious to the individual worker and workgroup. Endless corrective surgery on the building had to be undertaken... The lesson: adaptivity too can be overspecified."

And that's all: pretty obvious and commonplace stuff which is mostly general knowledge, with a few reasonable value judgements. Yet while the Americans are allowed to know what Mr Brand thinks, we British are not. So the man who is pulling the cultural strings of "new" Labour and enjoying the patronage afforded by the massive availability of lottery money — public money — would seem to be uncomfortable with free speech and allows expensive lawyers to impose censorship.

Meanwhile, an architecturally distinguished project to complete a cathedral to mark the second millennium since the birth of Jesus Christ languishes through lack of support. Now some may say that Stephen Dykes Bower's work was reactionary by looking back to the Middle Ages rather than forward to... to whatever we are meant to look forward to. But most good architecture consists of working imaginatively in an historical tradition.

And, after all, is the suspended plastic dome at Greenwich ostensibly "designed" by Lord Rogers really so "forward-looking"? Actually it is a rather tired old concept rooted in the 1960s which is rather less interesting — if bigger — than Ralph Tubbs' Dome of Discovery at the Festival of Britain. But the blinkered, vapid, starry-eyed millennium commissioners who are seduced by Richard Rogers' charm and influence cannot see that. Again I say: wake me up when the millennium has passed. It is nothing but a snare and a delusion — and now a curse.

*'Piloti'*

## CONSUMING INTERESTS

**SURELY it's time for the Advertising Standards Authority to have a word with Sheila McKechnie OBE, the driven (and very commercially minded) director of the Consumers' Association (CA), now one of Britain's most profit-conscious registered charities.**

Ads for the CA's *Which?* magazine continue to boast that it offers "unbiased advice and authoritative, in depth reporting on a wide range of products..." Subscribers will apparently "save time because we'll have already done the shopping around for you." But in two lucrative markets — credit cards and on-line services — CA doesn't just shop around. It sells products in competition with companies whose services it doesn't hesitate to criticise.

Last year CA launched an affinity card — a credit card branded with the *Which?* name but actually issued by Beneficial Bank, which splits the profits with CA. Within a month of the card's debut — and even though hardly any had been sent out to, or used by, applicants — *Which?* described it as a "best buy". This was despite the fact that within a week of the card's launch, Beneficial had altered its method of charging interest to the customer's detriment.

Leaving aside cards issued by the likes of the Co-op and People's Bank, other branded cards such as the British Gas/HFC bank Goldfish card offer deals at least as good as the CA card. Not that readers of *Which?* would realise this from the magazine's last "Money Update — We Name The Best Buy Credit Cards" feature.

Under a table contrived to ensure that the *Which?* card scraped in (at the bottom) of just one of three categories of "best buys", the small print explained casually that "to choose the best buys, we analysed all sixty cards that are generally available and issued directly by banks and building societies. Apart from the *Which?* cards, we've not looked at credit cards that are issued by a bank but which bear the name of another organisation." Especially those which offer a better deal than CA-Beneficial.

Now, however, Tesco is to join Sainsbury's in issuing a low cost card which is likely to undercut CA-Beneficial's rates. Quite how *Which?* will ever again be able to comment on the retailers' other products without being accused of bias towards a competitor is a mystery.

Communications operators, from British Telecom and Virgin to small independents, also find themselves head to head with the charity following McKechnie's decision to establish CA as an internet service provider. While most publishers simply place (or for a lucky few, sell) content on the web, "Which.net" offers full internet access for a monthly fee.

Once again the CA deal seems poorer than that of, say, BT — although there's no sign that *Which?* staff feel uncomfortable about subjecting their new business rival to regular criticism. So should the advertising watchdog, or the charity commissioners, allow CA to continue promoting *Which?* as an "independent consumer guide" when it sells its own inferior products in direct competition with banks, building societies and some of the UK's biggest conglomerates? Watch this space.

## WATER WORLD

**YORKSHIRE WATER shareholders voted last week on whether their already overpaid directors should be entitled to stick their snouts into an even larger trough in future.**

A show of hands at the company's agm produced a definite "no" vote, but when the big institutional shareholders' votes were added, the management got its safe, wallet-warming "yes".

Under the scheme proposed by Yorkshire Water's remuneration committee, executive directors would be able to claim free share bonuses on top of their six-figure salaries, worth up to 40 percent of basic pay. Explaining the need for this "long-term incentive" scheme in the company's annual report, the committee says its necessary to "attract, retain and motivate" the right people.

Funny that this argument doesn't apply to the rest of the company's employees, who have seen their numbers reduced from 4,700 to 3,700 over the past two years.

# EYE TV

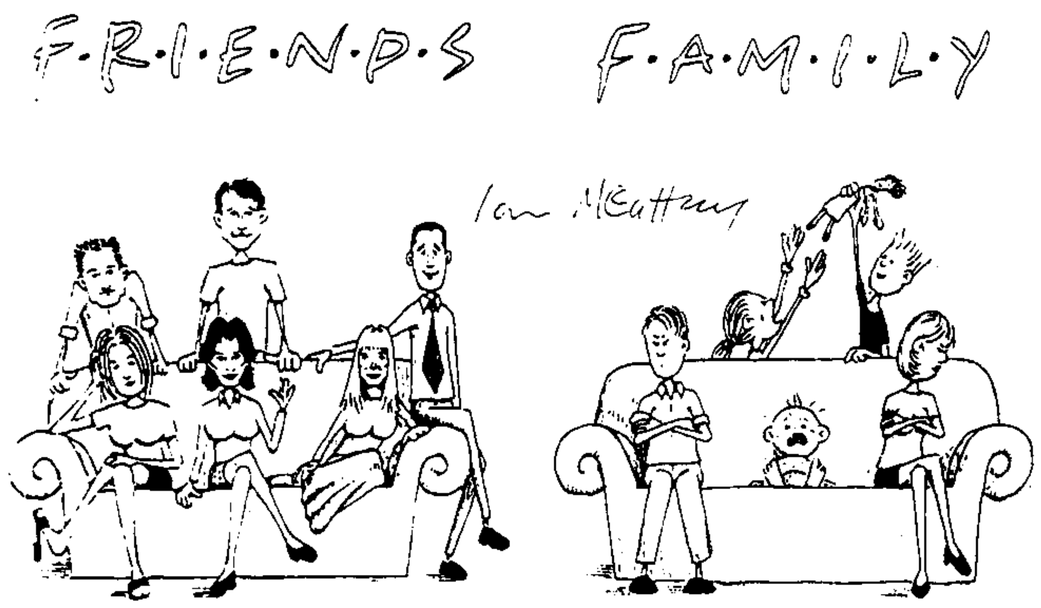
## Millennium (ITV)

**EVERYONE agrees: American TV is best. *Friends*! *Frazier*! The dreamy bloke from *ER*! No one can out-quirk *Northern Exposure* or out-smirk *Seinfeld*. They have the money and the talent, and we simply can't compete.**

But what precisely are we supposed to be competing against? As is well known, we only see the best of American shows on British terrestrial TV. Anyone who has watched TV in the States, or tuned in by mistake to Sky One, knows how hopeless the rest of them can be. And despite their merit, even the best regarded US shows occupy only peripheral positions in British TV schedules. All the series named above ply their trade to safe little minority audiences on Channel 4 and BBC2. Even *Baywatch*, supposedly the most popular programme in the world, is only ever used by ITV as an early evening warm-up for more intellectually challenging fare like, well, *Gladiators*.

The great exception, of course, is *The X-Files*. Since the mid-1980s heyday of *Dallas* and *Dynasty*, only Mulder and Scully have successfully made the transition from off-peak obscurity to the full glare of prime time. As most couch potatoes have discovered, this has been both a blessing and a curse. Series about the supernatural have multiplied like genetically enhanced alien DNA. And when *X-Files* creator Chris Carter announced his follow-up series, **Millennium**, which he promised would be even darker, nastier and more violent, British cheque books were unfurled with almost indecent speed. After the usual pitiful bidding war, BSkyB secured first screening rights, with the ITV network picking up sloppy seconds.

*Millennium* went out on Sky One last autumn, to that channel's usual tiny audience of SF nutters and the long-term unemployed. True to the hype, it was darker, nastier and more violent than *The X-Files* or indeed virtually anything ever seen on TV before. ITV had originally planned to start its own run in January, but delayed transmission first until April, then June, then finally July. Anyone who had missed the show on Sky One, which is to say virtually everyone, probably presumed that the network had been scared away by the adverse publicity a show about serial killers was bound to receive. But ITV has never been scared away by anything so feeble as adverse publicity. Ratings are




what matter, and ratings were what *Millennium* was never going to generate. For the show simply isn't up to scratch.

Lance Henriksen plays the hero Frank Black, a tortured ex-cop — is there any other kind? — who has the ability to see into the minds of serial killers. This troubles him greatly — his hair has turned bright red from the shock — and so he, his wife and his daughter have moved back to Seattle to make a new life for themselves. Unfortunately, all the serial killers appear to have moved with them, for every week a new whacko emerges, each with his own distinctive method of seeing off the natives.

Quote W.B. Yeats as you stab them, send their limbs through the post, carve messages on their heads — no gimmick is too barmy, just as long as no one has done it before. Each week Frank is disturbed from a good night's sleep to visit a new crime scene, to be troubled by flashes of telepathic insight and the constant synthesised music that plays in the background. Three things are certain: that the killer will kill again, that Frank will know that the killer will kill again, and that his bosses won't believe that the killer will kill again. By this time it's raining, and everyone's cup of coffee has gone cold.

Words cannot convey how boring this series is. It's as though someone has sought to recreate *The X-Files* but left out everything that made that show worth watching. Forget characterisation, ideas or even variety of plot (every episode of *Millennium* is exactly the same); just make sure it's always raining and a lot of people get killed. The irony is that since Carter turned his attentions to *Millennium*, *The X-Files* has noticeably declined. Instead of one good series, we now have two increasingly mediocre series — which is American TV to a T.

Of course, while *Frazier* and co maintain such high standards, American TV will continue to enjoy its exalted reputation. But *Millennium* is a far more typical product. Despite no sign of improvement, it was recently commissioned in the US for a second season. Whether ITV chooses to take up the option is, understandably, rather more debatable.

*'Couch Potato'*

# MEDIA NEWS

**MORE than a dozen senior managers from BBC Pebble Mill gathered on 11 July to discuss the need for staff reductions and cost-cutting.**

For such an important meeting, the BBC office was apparently inadequate. So, at licence-payers' expense, the belt-tightening bosses booked themselves overnight accommodation and full hospitality at the Lygon Arms in Broadway, near Evesham — one of the most expensive hotels in the country!

**RELATIONS between programme-makers and BBC Resources management, led by "Bonking" Rod Lynch, have hit rock bottom as the "internal market" bites into news budgets.**

The computer noticeboard used by Newsgathering staff overflowed last week with complaints. So hard was the criticism that one Resources manager had all messages erased before they could be digested by senior staff surfing the system.

One message revealed that Newsgathering is charged £500 by Resources every time a camera is switched on. This makes it expensive to give anything more interesting on a news bulletin than a quick single shot padded out with wallpaper from old video tapes.

Someone else complained that studios are now locked by Resources, who release them only to those "customers" who have made a pre-paid booking. This means studios and VT suites fitted with licence-payers' money are now revenue-earning tools for Resources. Without payment, hacks are refused entry — bad news for those desperate to finish a late item with deadlines fast approaching. Bad news too for the licence-payer who still thinks the BBC is a public service broadcaster.

Someone ratty from Resources posted a reply: "Presumably you are all to [sic] bleeding heart liberal or just incapable of the intelectual [sic] leap from the simplicity of operating equipment which is after all just pressing a few switches to the complexities of modern management techniques."

Meanwhile the bogus costs of the "internal market" continue to claim victims. The information research library at Broadcasting House will close by the end of the year with half its staff made redundant. Forced since 1 April to pay rent for premises it already owns it has had to start charging "customers" to try to return a profit. But at £25 per cuttings inquiry and £27 per book loan, it is cheaper for hacks to go to Dillons and buy the books instead. The result? A £2m deficit and closure.

A similar "Pay As You Use" system has revolutionised the sound archives library where an inquiry now costs £15 with £9 charged per item ordered — whether you use it or not. A request for a listening room to enable programme-makers to listen to a piece before they bought it — thus saving licence-payers' money — was refused.

# I-BSkyB

The Fight With Bite — shown live and exclusively on Sky TV at 4.30am on Sunday — confirms the station as THE sports channel in this country. And it heralds the start of a feast of top sporting events. Sky is the Channel of Champions next month...

*VIKKI ORVICE*
*The Sun*

CONTRIBUTOR: David F. Brown

*An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.*

**WHEN the BBC's World Service transmitters were sold earlier this year in a management and staff buy-out for £21m to Merlin Communications, the lucky purchasers didn't realise they would also inherit large dollops of Birtspeak at no extra cost.**

They know better now after receiving the following memo from Merlin executive Gina Blackburne:

"Merlin are committed to introducing a Broadbanded structure and 360° appraisal in line with a broader non-hierarchical, team based, company approach to individual and organisational goals. A task group will be established to implement these issues."

**RADIO 3 is overhauling its daytime programming to cope with the threat from Classic FM. From mid-September, music will be carefully programmed to match the demands of older listeners for "Hundred Best Tunes" favourites such as Vivaldi's Four Seasons.**

Assisting in this relaxation of its highbrow standards, Radio 3 will hand over control of the morning and evening drivetime programmes to the non-specialist arts unit producing Radio 4's middlebrow *Kaleidoscope*.

The forthcoming changes are a salute to managing editor Brian Barfield's loyalty to old friends. In his senior position in BBC Broadcast, he is well-placed to have had early warning of changes to Radio 4 which will severely affect *Kaleidoscope*, where he was once deputy editor. Well in advance of this possibility, Barfield organised audience research to prove that Radio 3's daytime programmes would benefit from the skills of a team not specialising in music, who had many years' experience in broadcasting to a middle-of-the-road audience — in short, his old pals from *Kaleidoscope*.

Barfield moved to Radio 3 to become personal assistant under controller John Drummond after being rejected for the post of editor at *Kaleidoscope*. He has managed to retain his position with the present controller, Nicholas Kenyon, through his close links with the *Kaleidoscope* old-boy network that dominates all radio arts programmes.

John Boundy, the current *Kaleidoscope* editor, was an early Barfield protégé on the programme, as was Antony Cheevors, producer of the 250-hours a year *Morning Collection* — which Cheevors secured from Barfield for independent production house Mentorn while negotiating his resignation from the BBC two years ago. Although yet another *Kaleidoscope* regular, Paul Gambaccini, failed to impress Radio 3 listeners as the first presenter of *Morning Collection*, Cheevors nevertheless retained his lucrative contract. Sean Rafferty, an early colleague from Barfield's Belfast apprenticeship, has been quietly slipped into the programme in recent months.

The invasion of Radio 3 by all these *Kaleidoscope* boys strengthens Barfield's somewhat lonely position as the only non-musician among highly experienced specialists. Although he has long coveted the job of controller at Radio 3, he has previously been held back by his lack of expert knowledge and experience. Now that music is to be downgraded and replaced by "general arts" waffle — thanks to Barfield's brilliant new policy — he is at last ready for an assault on the summit. Cunning, eh?

# FROCKWATCH

## FASHION VICTIMS

**FOLLOWING the murder of Gianni Versace, even hardened hacks were in a state of profound shock — as they watched their editors go collectively bonkers.**

The *Daily Hellograph* was all too typical, clearing pages 1, 2, 3 and 25 for the news. The *Daily Mail* did even better with five whole pages — though this still left large parts of the paper, particularly in the sports section, worryingly free of Versace-related coverage. Even the high-minded *Grauniad* decided that the death of a fashion designer, who made tarty clothes for rich women who wanted to look like Essex girls, deserved the sort of treatment normally reserved for the fall of a Tory government: more than half the front page, most of page 3, a huge obituary on page 15 and a two-page tribute in the G2 tabloid section.

Perhaps one shouldn't be surprised. The Versace killing had all the ingredients which excite Alan Rusbridger and other sensation-hungry editors — gay sex, Liz Hurley, serial killing, supermodels, pop stars, vast wealth *and* the Princess of Wales. Oh, and an excuse to run loads of photos of gorgeous pouting women flashing their thighs and cleavage.

As soon as the news broke, posses of Fleet Street's finest were set to work ringing round any remotely famous person who might have met Versace. Princess Di herself was one of the first to oblige: "I am devastated... He was a great and talented man." She neglected to mention her blazing bust-up with Versace earlier this year, when he used pictures of near-naked men in a book for which she had written the foreword — whereupon she retaliated by boycotting his launch party and issuing a public statement protesting at his offensive antics. Luckily for her, no newspaper last week was tasteless enough to remind its readers of this little contretemps with her "friend".

And what a lot of friends he had. Jeff Banks, British designer: "I had known Gianni personally for 10 years and it is a shock comparable to hearing that John Lennon had died. It is horrific."

Liz Hurley: "Gianni was a dear friend of mine and I am going to miss him horribly. He will be hideously missed by everyone."

Pop star Bryan Ferry: "I am very sad to lose a friend." Elton John: "I am devastated to have lost one of my closest friends, who I loved so much... The world has lost a wonderful creative genius." Lisa Marie Presley: "Gianni was a rare talent, a genius as a designer and, more important, a wonderful friend whose warmth and generosity I will miss terribly." And, absurdly, Christopher Biggins: "It's terrible. He was a wonderful, wonderful man. To see those lovely boys in his shop dressing the window dummies in black — tragic."

Fashion hackettes, too, boasted of their intimacy with the great man. Lisa Armstrong, fashion features director of *Vogue*: "Versace was a rarity — a charming man who not only remembered journalists' names but those of their children, or cats, and never forgot to ask how they were... He was phenomenally generous and hospitable." Hilary Alexander, fashion editor of the *Daily Telegraph*: "On Monday I received a bouquet from Gianni Versace, a typically extraordinary yet chic mix from Kenneth Turner, his favourite Mayfair florist... The card expressed his thanks for the *Daily Telegraph*'s coverage of his recent Paris show."

Alas! Poor Hilary may have thought she was the only one, but the *Guardian* fashion editor, Susannah Frankel, gave the game away: "I will miss the flowers and hand-written messages sent to every single fashion editor, regardless of their status, season after season... Most of all, I'll miss the parties." Even Henry Porter of the *Grauniad* got in on the act: "Last year, he celebrated the redecoration of his enormous new townhouse on East 64th Street in Manhattan with a dinner party for 50 people, among whom were Elton John, Jon Bon Jovi, Hugh Grant, Liz Hurley, a dozen billionaires and, somewhat surprisingly, myself."

Not very surprising, actually. What Versace twigged was that if he dished out the gifts and baubles — flowers, free dresses, champagne-fuelled parties in New York, gratis accommodation at the Paris Ritz — journalists and celebrities would be attracted like moths to a flame. And, whenever hacks and celebs are gathered in the same place, acres of free publicity are sure to follow. His "generosity" was in fact shrewd business — far cheaper than spending tens of thousands of pounds on full-page adverts for his wares.

Perhaps the most lavish thank-you letter last week came in the form of a "personal tribute" from *Express* fashion editor Sophie Laybourne. "Gianni Versace was truly one of the greats... Not only celebrities such as Liz Hurley and Princess Diana but supermodels like Christy Turlington queued up to wear his clothes... Detractors accused him of being vulgar. It is perhaps fairer to say that his look was flashy and exuberant... He was also kind-hearted and his generosity was legendary."

Who were these unkind detractors who accused him of vulgarity? One such was a certain Sophie Laybourne, who wrote a long and rather sniffy piece in the *Express* as recently as 20 January 1997. "The Versace product is big, bold and glitzy — not designed to appeal to nervous aficionados of 'good taste'," she concluded then. "And his choice of celebrity models — naff junior popsters East 17, ex-Take That member Robbie Williams — sometimes lacks discrimination. Without wishing to be cruel, Elton [John] has never exactly been stylish. Other middle-aged Versace-wearing rockers such as Rod Stewart, Sting and Eric Clapton are somewhat past their sell-by date... Even Versace needs to understand that there is such a thing as overkill."

Versace knows all about overkill now. But does the Street of Shame?

**THE allegedly "regional" ITV companies are supposed to reflect the area they serve. Hence the ITC's insistence of a quota of programmes with some local relevance. But of course there's no money in it.**

This is presumably why Lord "Alco" Hollick's Anglia TV got such a slapping in the ITC's annual report and was told to do better. So, eager to find low-budget junk to fill such slots, Anglia is proposing the return of a pisspoor late-night Friday chat-show called *The Warehouse* — whose tradition of tackiness is guaranteed to be upheld by the inclusion of bubbly Jerry Hayes (currently on a "DJ training course" at Essex Radio) as one of the presenters.

The vainglorious failed MP for Harlow has been courting a media career for some years by chumming up to the widely detested "Mincing Malcolm" Allsop, part-time punchbag for Anglia's managing director Graham Creelman (see *Eye* 923). Needless to say, *The Warehouse* comes from the ramshackle stables of which Allsop is head lad.

The recent mass dumping of Tories was bad news for Allsop, who had carefully cultivated his Conservative connections and might have expected a gong for services to broadcasting had they been reelected. Sadly for him, the closest he is likely to get to an honour now is to act as godfather to one of John Gummer's children. Can a "Goodnight with Gummer" chat-show be far behind?

# DOING THE ROUNDS

## The Truth About Cervical Screening

**OF ALL the public health issues, cervical screening is the most misunderstood by the media. Attention usually focuses on the isolated poor performance of individual laboratories (eg Channel 4's *Dispatches*, 22 May), while failing to emphasise that, overall, we have the best organised screening programme in the world.**

Others make ludicrously inflated claims about the incidence of cervical cancer or what screening for it can achieve (eg Nicky Chesworth, *Daily Express*, 10 June 1995: "Cervical cancer is the biggest cause of death in women under 35." In fact, in 1992 it was seventh (83 deaths), way behind motor accidents (329) and suicide (223).

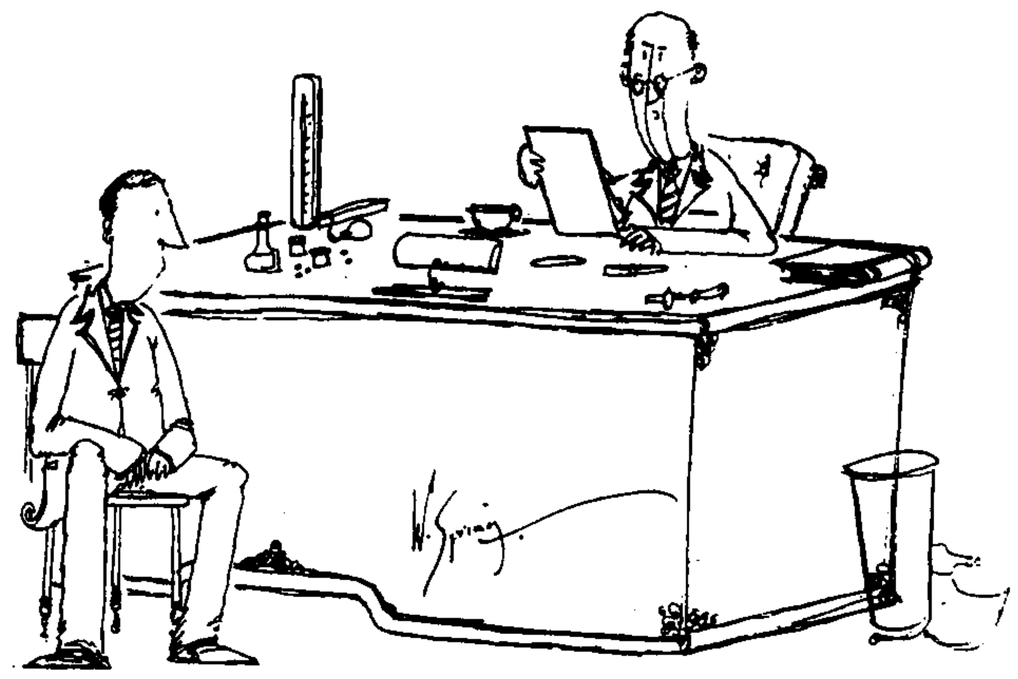
Because we screen for it, the nation believes that a) cervical cancer must be common; and b) that everyone who's been treated for an abnormal smear has had their life saved. Nothing is further from the truth — except perhaps the claim of *Cosmopolitan* that "every death from cervical cancer is preventable if screening is properly organised".

In reality, deaths from cancer of the cervix have never been common, even before screening was introduced in the UK in 1966. Each year, one in 4,000 women develop cervical cancer and 1,500 women die from it (compared to, say, the 10,000 men who die from prostate cancer). These deaths have occurred every year despite cervical screening, and only recently has there been convincing evidence that the death rate is declining. Ironically, the decline is steepest in those older women who have never been screened, but it is undoubtedly true that cervical screening has saved some lives.

Just how many can never be known because screening was never subjected to a randomised controlled trial when it was started. Without this evidence, everything is an estimate. Pathologists whose careers depend on the screening programme claim from their microscopic estimations that an epidemic of some extra 7,000 cases a year has been prevented by screening, but population studies show that such a massive explosion in cervical cancer would have been extremely unlikely. A more realistic estimate is that we're saving 1,000 lives a year.

But at what cost? In 1995/6 in England, 3.7 million women received smear tests to save 1,000 lives. So on average, the chance of your life being saved by having a smear is three in 10,000. Crucially, cervical screening cannot single out the 1,000 women who's lives will be saved, but selects a far greater number to survey and treat. In 1995/6, 209,446 women had some form of smear abnormality; 41,000 of these women were judged serious enough to need immediate colposcopy, while most of the rest with mild abnormalities were told to hang on for six months for a repeat smear.

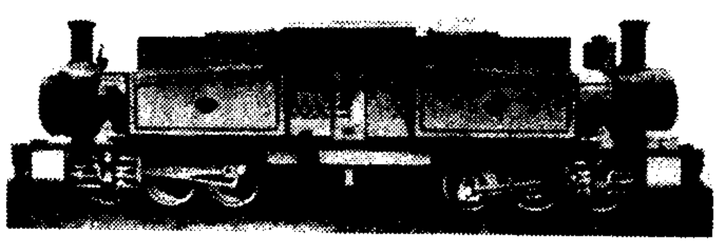
The financial and human consequences of this over-detection are enormous. Each year, 208,000 women have abnormal smears and 40,000 women undergo urgent colposcopy and laser treatment without any evidence that they are benefiting. The discomfort and side effects of this treatment have to be added to the psychological consequences of the screening. Doctors shout from the rooftops that an abnormal smear does not mean cancer, but many women remain very anxious after their smear. And so do the screeners. Even the best run laboratories are buckling under the strain of processing smears for their portion of the 15.1 million screenable women aged 20-64. Last week, Avon Health Authority announced delays in clearing a backlog.



*"Honestly, how dare you! In my 18 years as a GP I have never, never, been accused of incompetence! By the way, your cervical smear was normal..."*

Smear programmes require 80 percent coverage of their target populations to achieve any sort of success, so women are fed nanny state advice that "smears are a good thing" without receiving the evidence that allows them to make an informed choice about whether they want a smear or not. At present, 99.5 percent of women do not die of cervical cancer or, if you prefer, five in 1,000 do. If you never had a cervical smear, your chance of dying from the disease might increase to say eight in 1,000 but we can't be sure. If you have a smear, your chance of it being abnormal is one in 20. For every 4,000 women who have a smear, 200 with have abnormal smears and will worry to varying degrees, 50 will have further investigations that may not benefit them, one life will be saved — and one woman will die despite having been screened. This isn't because of bad laboratories making mistakes, it's the result of an excellently organised service using a limited test. Only you can decide if you want one.

*M.D.*



## SIGNAL FAILURES

**EIGHTEEN years of Conservative patronage have left the rail users' consultative committees (RUCCs), the statutory rail watchdogs, in a wretched state.**

Government ministers used to be responsible for appointments to the RUCCs, which have a budget of £1.6m a year. Committee chairmen are paid and members receive travelling expenses, and as the *Eye* has reported many times, space was always available for Tory councillors and other sympathisers while at least one frequent rail user, who actively opposed privatisation, was not reappointed.

At least three regional committees are chaired by Tories. Ten of the 17 members of the western England RUCC, including the Tory-councillor chairman, are known to have Conservative connections. And the Central RUCC, the national watchdog, refused to oppose privatisation on the grounds that it had to remain neutral. Since privatisation the same neutral committee has issued eulogistic press releases about the new regime, one of them elevating Railtrack's 10-year maintenance budget of £10bn to £16bn.

Recently guidelines have been introduced stipulating that RUCC members must actually be regular rail users. One former committee member was approached after a meeting by a surprised blue-rinse Tory who said: "Gosh, you know a lot about trains!" Stuffing the committees, particularly those away from London, with wealthy, car-owning Tories was akin to parent teacher associations being made up of people who have never had children.

The new guidelines aim to make appointments more open to the general non-Tory-voting public, but the rail regulator's office, which is now responsible for appointing members other than chairmen, has no intention of replacing members who do not meet the new criteria. Instead they will ride out their four-year terms, including several chairmen selected by Sir George Young in the last year of the Tory government.

The composition of committees is now more important as the RUCCs have a more significant role. Whenever a line or station is proposed for closure, the RUCC can choose to hold a public inquiry and make recommendations to the rail regulator. The local RUCC is thus the sole consumer-related body consulted over important issues, including proposed changes to passenger service requirements — changes which could lead to withdrawal of services. As long as the committees are littered with the debris of the Tory government, there is little chance that the voice of everyday users will be heard.

**RAILTRACK chief executive John Edmonds must have been delighted to scoop the largest performance-related bonus in the company: £62,000 to add to his basic salary of £168,000.**

This was even more of a compliment when employees had just received a letter from chairman Sir Bob Horton announcing that "bonus payments are directly linked to performance. If we do our bit to help performance we get a bonus. If we under perform we do not get paid a bonus."

Only days later, unexpected news: Edmonds is expected to step down before his contract runs out next March. Horton was reported to want someone who could push ahead investment in the rail network more quickly. How strange!

**THREE months after shedding 80 drivers to save money, Regional Railways North East has launched a recruitment drive — for train drivers. The company discovered that its drastic reduction in drivers led to a drastic increase in train cancellations. Who would have thought it?**

*'Dr B. Ching'*

## DOWN ON THE FARM

**SO the European Union (EU) is planning "radical reform" of the common agricultural policy (CAP), ending — as the *Indescribablyboring* put it — "farm madness". It will apparently slash farm subsidies and bring prices nearer world market levels. The driver for reform is of course the plan to enlarge the community: the CAP changes are a key plank of Agenda 2000, a package of measures to prepare the EU for expansion into eastern Europe.**

There lies Poland, a country which has more farms than the rest of the current 15 member states put together. Without reform, it alone could bankrupt the CAP and take the rest of the EU with it. So the EU strategy is to convert more of its intervention — the system which brought us beef mountains and wine lakes with the EU buying farm produce with taxpayers' money when prices fell below certain levels — into direct support. This cuts out the middlemen and doles out very large cheques direct to farmers as compensation for loss of intervention.

But, far from being a "radical reform", we have been here before. This was the essence of the first major attempt to reform the CAP in 1992 — the so-called McSharry reforms, named after the then EU agriculture commissioner. And the net result of these was to increase massively the total amounts of subsidies paid. And that is exactly what is proposed again.

These "radical reforms" will entail *increased* CAP spending — on top of the current £30bn, by an extra £3.5bn a year, a more than 10 percent hike — before even taking into account subsidies for the "candidate" countries when or if they join.

Predictably the claimed payoff is a fall in food prices in the shops — because that was exactly what was promised for the McSharry reforms. But, post 92, world prices for some key commodities started to *increase* to EU levels. As a result, shop prices remained largely static or increased. Some farmers benefited hugely, and taxpayers ended up doing what taxpayers always do — paying more taxes.

Thus, in the insane world of the EU, less equals more and, as far as enlargement goes — more will equal the same.

*'New Muckspreader'*

# Rotten Boroughs

## Lambeth

**LAMBETH council is desperate to avoid blame for the boiler explosion at the Kerrin Point tower block in Vauxhall.**

Calls for a public inquiry into the blast, which left 80 families homeless and a 22-storey tower needing demolition, have been ignored and passed to the health and safety executive (HSE) which is investigating.

The explosion followed a gas leak in the boiler room, and there was chaos until neighbouring Wandsworth, which had won the contract for the building's maintenance from hapless Lambeth, learnt of the explosion from the radio and helped out. Wandsworth officers took the homeless to a cafe and looked after them while Lambeth fiddled.

There were complaints about the heating system as long ago as 1978. Exasperated tenants took Lambeth council to court in 1990 to sort out the problems but the council did nothing. In 1993 residents petitioned Lambeth again, but again nothing happened.

Between 25 October 1996 and 19 June 1997, shortly before the blast, Lambeth tried to patch up the system no fewer than 120 times. At one point six contractors were working in the boiler room, but no work was done between 24 December and 3 January so tenants had no heating or hot water last Christmas.

Three hours before the blast workmen were in the boiler room doing some very important electric wiring: installing a generator that was going to be used to sell electricity to the national grid. Presumably the HSE will want to know why Lambeth endangered the lives of hundreds of people by allowing them to live in so dangerous a block.

### Junket of the Week

**BAD news for Salford's elderly poor: residents at the council-run Salfordian hotel in Southport, a pensioners' holiday home, have been given notice to quit to save money. They can raise the matter at this year's mayoral garden party, which offers beer and sandwiches to the city's impoverished OAPs. It is an important event — which must be why Salford councillors have just arranged to pay themselves £25 each for bothering to turn up.**

## Hackney

**IN A drive against corruption and incompetence, HACKNEY council's squeaky clean new leaders have fired *all* senior managers and are now threatening junior managers too — some 700 staff in all.**

The ousted can reapply for their jobs, but few will retain their posts. Biggest casualties include social services director Joyce Moseley, who was in charge when the Mark Trotter affair (*Eyes passim*) blew up last year. She wanted Hackney to second her for a year on full pay to the association of directors of social services quango. Council leaders sacked her by e-mail instead.

Then there's Ian Wilson, director of environmental services, who failed to impress chief executive Tony Elliston when he explained how he dealt with potholes when he was in charge. Every time someone reported a hole, five workmen would measure it. If it was less than six inches wide they'd leave it, if it was more they'd go away and come back to fill it in later. Elliston asked Wilson why they didn't simply turn up with a bucket of asphalt and fill all of them in. Wilson is now director of social services at Tower Hamlets.

### Curse of Gnome: Welwyn Hatfield

**THE *Eye*'s exposé of how Welwyn Hatfield council cured former leader Ray Little's cash-flow problems was well received.**

Little was in charge when the council reneged on a property deal with Slough Estates that led to a court award of £50m. When his colleagues read how the council had bought his house when he was threatened with eviction, they put pressure on him to resign.

Our story was also news to the housing association that bought Little's house (on the understanding it had vacant possession) and had no idea who Little was when it installed him as the new tenant — or that he had been living there previously!

Meanwhile town hall bar managers want Little to settle his slate, which has run into three figures.

## Manchester

**THE *Eye* was wrong to criticise the Labour-run council for losing £100,000 on the world table tennis championships: the losses totalled £1.3m.**

City council officers calculated the English Table Tennis Association's cut at £200,000, but a bill from the association has come in at £800,000. The people of Manchester are also to blame — for filling only 30,000 of the 150,000 seats at the G-Mex arena.

After Manchester accrues its own income local taxpayers will face a bill for £800,000 — and all to sate the ego of former council leader Graham Stringer, the man behind Manchester's bid to become sporting capital of the universe. If so small an event can lose so much, how much will taxpayers pay for the 2002 Commonwealth games which Stringer has also pledged will break even?

## Falkirk

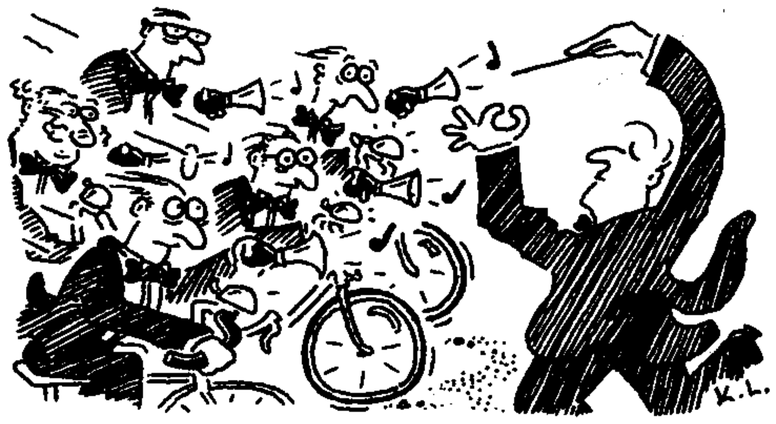
**INVESTIGATIONS over sexual harassment claims at Falkirk council have centred on controversial councillor Tam O'Dea, the convenor of the women's and equal opportunities committee who has recently been allowed to rejoin the ruling Labour group after a six-month suspension.**

O'Dea had been thrown out after a conviction for breaching the peace. Another charge of committing breach of the peace by singing sectarian songs at his local British Legion club was dropped. The latest inquiry (into comments allegedly made to female employees) concluded that his remarks could be seen as "unwelcome and offensive" but no further action was needed. O'Dea denied harassment but said: "I would be the first to admit I'm quite forceful in what I'm trying to do".

# Pseuds Corner

**She reinforced the necessity of sign and symbol in our education, touching us at different times during our development. Indeed, Anne's use of a toilet roll — the first sheet representing the beginning of our lives, the second sheet, primary school, the third secondary school and the rest of the roll our remaining lives — brought home to us that there is a great deal more development beyond the Catholic school community.**

**"BEC News" Summer/Autumn 1997**



... Plus the UK premiere of "Eine Brise" (A Breeze), a co-presentation with The Almeida Theatre by avant-garde German composer Mauricio Kagel. A ninety-second musical score written for 111 cyclists, using acoustic horn, bicycle bell and voice, the cyclists ride in strict formation, leaving behind a wave of sound and delight.

**Islington International Festival programme**

Then I cycled to Mat Collishaw's place in Shoreditch, to drop off — as a gift from a friend — my video *Why I never Became A Dancer* (which just won a prize in Germany, my first ever). The rest of the tape was of me dancing to different music — Right Said Fred, the Doors and Marc Bolan. I didn't stay long, because I had to get round to Georgina Starr's to drink vodka martinis. We went on her roof and could see Gary Hume cooking a barbecue in a cute apron, so we went round. I rang up my friend Gregor Muir, and Angus Fairhurst was playing chess with him — so they came round. Eight of us spent the night dancing to Gary's very bad CDs, including *The Best of Blondie* (the worst Blondie CD we'd ever heard). The conversation wasn't profound. We talked about masturbation and had to look it up in a dictionary to see how it was spelt. We hardly ever talk about art, we artists; we just have a good time.

**TRACEY EMIN**
**Observer**

I don't want to play or watch a game called "tennis" any more. I demand a name that sounds more butch and up to date. Volleyball has pre-empted "volleyball"; "powerball" is good, and what about "crackball", which, moreover to recommend it, sounds like a drug likely to enhance performance. I'd ask the Tims to send in some suggestions, but I don't think this is the sort of thing they'd be any good at.

**MARTIN AMIS**
**Evening Standard**

*The crowd here is aching for entertainment — mindless if possible, but at any rate entertainment — and there's nothing on offer at all. What an opportunity scorned. I could give a reading of Finnegans Wake to the Centre Court and they would be enthralled. "Three quarks," I might say, "for Muster Mark!" Oooh! Aaah! Applause, applause!*

**SIMON BARNES**
**The Times**

CONTRIBUTORS: Mrs M. Gray, Adrian G. Robson, L. Nolan, J. James, Graham McColl.

**£10 paid for entries**

# Letters

## Bullet poof

*Sir,*

*If this issue (929) does not contain either a front cover, cartoon or article in sick bad taste about the murder of Gianni Versace, I shall cancel my subscription.*

*Yours in golden safety pins,*
*DEREK PORTER,*
*London N22.*

## BA humbug

*Sir,*

*Your article on my wife and myself is full of innuendo but no fact.*

*I never lobbied on behalf of BA or influenced decisions on BA when I was competition minister at the department of trade and industry. Nor, as your article does point out, could I have had any influence over decisions taken by that department after I had left it.*

*Even though the interest at BA was my wife's and not my own throughout my period in government I kept out of matters affecting BA. As a cabinet minister in Wales I instructed my officials at the beginning that if any matter cropped up which had any bearing on BA it should be referred to another minister without even telling me that it was going on. I trust you will publish this letter to put the record straight.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*JOHN REDWOOD MP,*
*House of Commons.*

## Go to Hull

*Sir,*

*Piloti* (EYE *928) should know that as well as Larkin, Hull can boast Andrew Marvell, whose statue stands in front of the Grammar School. "To His Coy Mistress" has been quoted more often than anything in Larkin, I imagine. Born and brought up in the town, Marvell was three times its MP and hundreds of his parliamentary letters are preserved in the Guildhall — Larkin has written warmly about all this himself.*

*Piloti also fails to mention that the parish church is the largest in England, reflecting Hull's medieval prosperity as England's greatest east coast port. Er, that's not quite it either. "What a high street!" breathes Pevsner without irony in his* BUILDINGS OF ENGLAND.

*Does Piloti ever actually leave London?*

*Yours faithfully,*
*ALAN MYERS,*
*Hitchin, Herts.*

## Hilt and miss

*Sir,*

*The Marquesa's pen is no more reliable than Jonathan Aitken's sword (928).*

*Aitken did not found* OXFORD TORY. *The magazine had been established by 1948 and, apart from temporary renaming as* RIGHT ANGLE *when Kenneth Baker was editor, appeared continuously under the* OXFORD TORY *title until merged with its Cambridge counterpart in 1965. Aitken edited the journal in late 1962/early 1963.*

*The Maxwell exposé appeared in January 1964. The print-run released to distribution was not 16 copies but 1,700. Captain Bob quickly mobilised his heavy infantry, including the late Lord Goodman, and under threat of legal and other action the impecunious publishers agreed to recall outstanding stocks of the journal and sell them to Maxwell. Having obtained possession of the relevant copies (something over 1,000 in number), Maxwell initially sought to avoid payment but eventually settled in cash. The sum involved was about one tenth of the figure you mention.*

*Jonathan Aitken provided helpful suggestions for the research on which the Maxwell article was based, but had no other involvement with its publication and none in the aftermath. Withdrawal of the piece caused great merriment to various alumni of other sections of Oxford's contemporary undergraduate press who, as I recall, later turned their hands to assisting the tumescence of your own remarkable organ.*

*Yours &c,*
*PAUL HITCHINGS,*
*London E1.*

## Flash point

*Sir,*

*I take issue with your comparison of Jonathan Aitken with Harry Flashman. Flashman has the good grace to admit that he is a coward, a liar, a poltroon and a thorough-going shit — even if he only admits it to posterity. The chances of Aitken making such a frank confession are nil.*

*Yours sincerely,*
*DAMON GREEN,*
*Rotherhithe.*

## Under pier pressure

*Sir,*

*I read your piece under the heading Leisure Time (928) regarding Blackpool's South Pier, with some amazement. As the "Press Officer" involved, might I ask that you put the true facts on record.*

*Yes, I did receive a telephone call from a journalist, who immediately identified himself as the father of the 8-year-old girl in question and gave me his version of the incident. Having listened to it, I promised to investigate and telephone him back.*

*His daughter had been in a dodgem car which appeared to have smoke rising from it. On seeing this, the ride operator immediately stopped the ride and electrically isolated it. The girl was removed from the affected car, which was taken out of service for examination. On moving the vehicle, it was discovered that the smoke was caused by some debris on the surface of the track and a bucket of water was thrown over this.*

*Company procedures were followed and the incident properly logged and reported to the pier's management, who in turn contacted the health and safety executive and the fire brigade. The latter came down and examined the dodgem car in question and could find no evidence whatsoever of smoke or fire.*

*Both the fire brigade and the health and safety executive pronounced themselves satisfied with the safety procedures at South Pier and I understand that the journalist was told this when he rang both the brigade and the health and safety people. Certainly, I conveyed all the above facts to him when I returned his phone call.*

*Your informant appears to be a rather sad hack desperately trying to ingratiate himself with the* EYE. *I'm sure Lord Gnome would agree that he needs to come up with something better than these untruths to join your eminent inner circle of contributors.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*BRIAN CROMPTON,*
*Consultant, First Leisure Corp. plc, London W1.*

## Loader rubbish

*Sir,*

*We have just discovered how to usefully recycle some rubbish: the Referendum party video tape.*

*It was an ideal length to record highlights of the Vale Royal Borough Festival of Twinning, which was attended by people from towns in the Czech Republic, France, Germany, Hungary, Ireland and Poland which are twinned with towns and villages in the Borough. We have sent the tape to other European friends who were unable to attend.*

*And the Referendum party even provided labels which could be peeled off and stuck over the write-protect slot to allow re-recording — how thoughtful!*

*Yours sincerely,*
*DR E.J. LOADER,*
*Northwich, Cheshire.*

## Blonde bombshell

*Sir,*

*In Street of Shame (23 June) you scurrilously suggest that I was the inspiration for the part of Joanna, a* GUARDIAN *journalist in Ben Brown's play* ALL THINGS CONSIDERED. *You base this on the fact that she is a "flame haired interviewer, spectacularly rude, hectoring and insensitive".*

*As my hairdresser would be happy to confirm I have been blonde now for at least nine months.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*JOANNA COLES,*
*The Guardian.*

## Lookalike

**Ken**

**Servant**

*Sir,*

*Did you realise Ken Livingstone used to be a Han period Chinese servant?*

*I was truly shocked.*

*Yours,*
*TONY BANKS MP,*
*House of Commons, SW1.*

## Spin doctored

*Sir,*

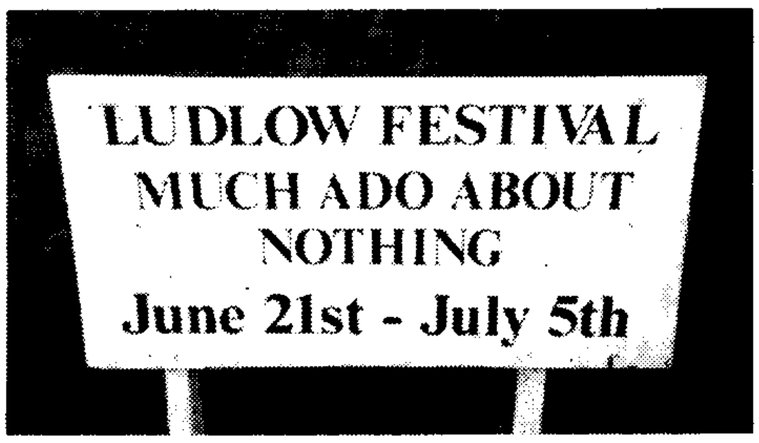
EYE *928 draws attention to* THE OBSERVER*'s strange reluctance to correct its own mistakes. This is shared by its stablemate.*

*Frank Keating, whose writing often sets my teeth on edge, recently did his customary OBN job on Robert Croft, the Glamorgan and England off-spinner. Croft once wrote a book in Welsh, entitled* DYDDIADUR TROELLWR. *Someone must have told Keating that this meant "The Spinner's Tale", which is a reasonable but not wholly accurate translation.*

*Supremely confident, but blissfully ignorant of the fact that word order in Welsh is different from English, the brilliant researcher then asserted that the "lovely word [dyddiadur]... full of rhythmic Celtic cadence... precisely descriptive... hints of crafty diddling as well as passionate ardour... means 'spinner'". The word "dyddiadur" actually means "diary".*

*L.C. PUGH,*
*Haverfordwest, Pembrokeshire.*

# I-SPY




**Submitted by P.J. Dorke.** £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

## Morale support

*Sir,*

*I cannot agree with your comments on Camelot v. Centaur Communications.*

*Document leakage is now a disease, whether for political or commercial purposes — think of the recent case of the Co-Op. If it is known that someone is giving away stolen documents intending to damage the organisation, no one in it can trust anyone until the leaker is found and dealt with. This can have an awful effect on morale and effectiveness. It is the duty of management to find the culprit and restore morale. This may be difficult for journalists to understand, but the judges have it right. It is not press freedom that is at risk, but press licence to make selective use of stolen documents, often out of context.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*OLIVER SHARP,*
*Ross-On-Wye, Herefordshire.*

## Caption competition

*Sir,*

*Shame indeed on the* SUN *(Just Fancy That,* EYE *927) for stealing your wonderful Ken Clarke caption. But shame too on the* OBSERVER*'s Euan Ferguson — "What a win, what a chance for change. But things can only get bitter." In his indecent haste to plagiarise, Ferguson somehow contrived to get this line in print 38 days before yours.*

*Yours,*
*DUNCAN MACPHERSON,*
*London SE22.*

## Honourable mention

*Sir,*

*I was dismayed to see in your latest edition a snipe at Miss Ann Widdecombe MP. Given the* EYE*'s tradition of attacking those who abuse positions of power, what was the point in saying "she is an older woman and not very attractive" with regard to one of the most honourable members of the House of Commons? As someone who had the guts to expose Michael Howard for who he really is, sacrificing in the process any chance she might have of a shadow ministerial post, perhaps the* EYE *should give her some praise instead.*

*I should also like to point out that Miss Widdecombe's participation in the programme in question was understandable, for not only is she one of only a handful of sane, coherent Tory MPs, she also understands the serious moral implications of HRH the Prince of Wales remarrying.*

*Yours faithfully,*
*OLIVER MEAD,*

*PS: I am a 19-year-old Liberal Democrat and would not usually seek to defend a Tory's reputation.*

## Ground rules

*Sir,*

*Beatrix Campbell in her letter (*EYE *928) describes a child murderess as "The poor woman", the sympathetic adjective apparently being applied on the grounds that a third party failed to prevent her killing her children. I wonder if she would describe a child murderer as "the poor man".*

*Yours etc,*
*MARTIN KENNEDY,*
*London W1.*

## Net gain

*Sir,*

*While your reader Jon Burton helpfully mailed you to let you know the JET report could be found on the internet (*EYE *928), it would have helped had you printed the correct URL: http://www.xs4all.nl/~yaman/jetrep.htm*

*Kind regards,*
*MIKE TOMLINSON,*
*Wallasey, Merseyside.*

**He went to the sale in the Hilden Manor after he saw an advert which led him to believe he could get cheap gardening equipment.**

**When the sale started, someone who he believes was a plant got a bargain.**

*Kent & Sussex Courier*

# Colemanballs

*£10 paid for contributions*

*"...and Edson Arantes di Nasciemento, commonly known to us as Pele, hands the award to Damon Hill, commonly known to us as, er... Damon Hill..."*

**MURRAY WALKER**
**(David Simmons)**

*"There are lots of 'if's in motor racing and 'if' is a very long word".*

**MURRAY WALKER, ITV**
**(Paul Haigh)**

*"There are only four cars on the circuit at the present moment and two of them are in the garage."*

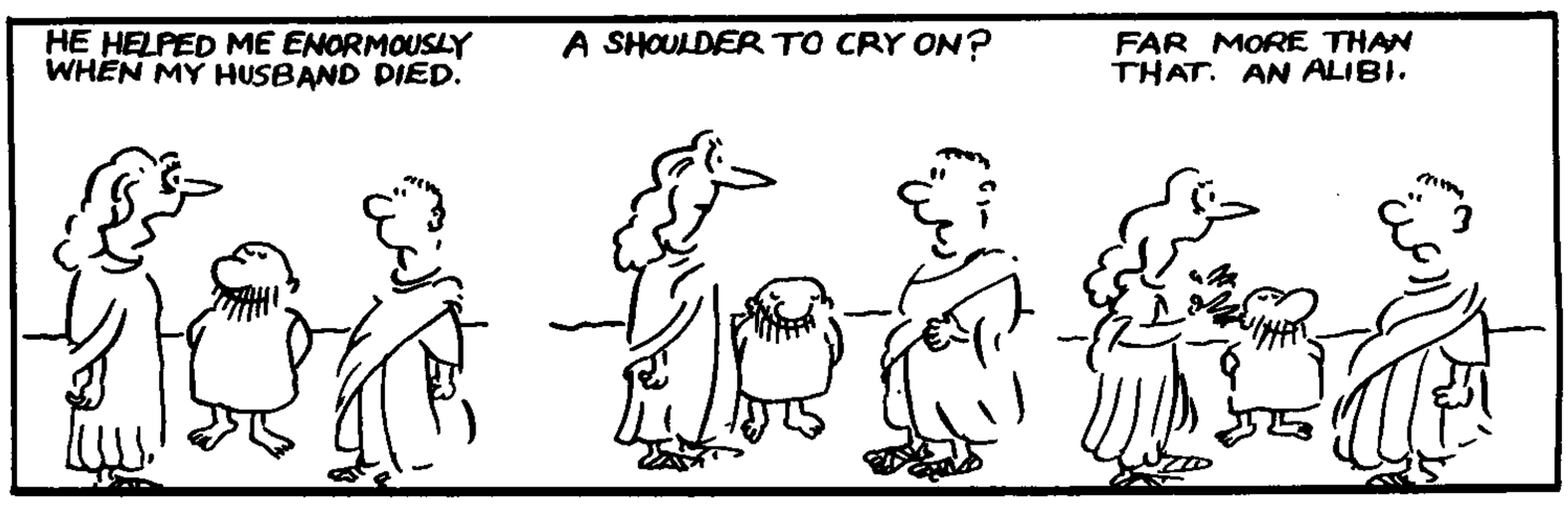
**MURRAY WALKER, ITV**
**(Tim Todd)**

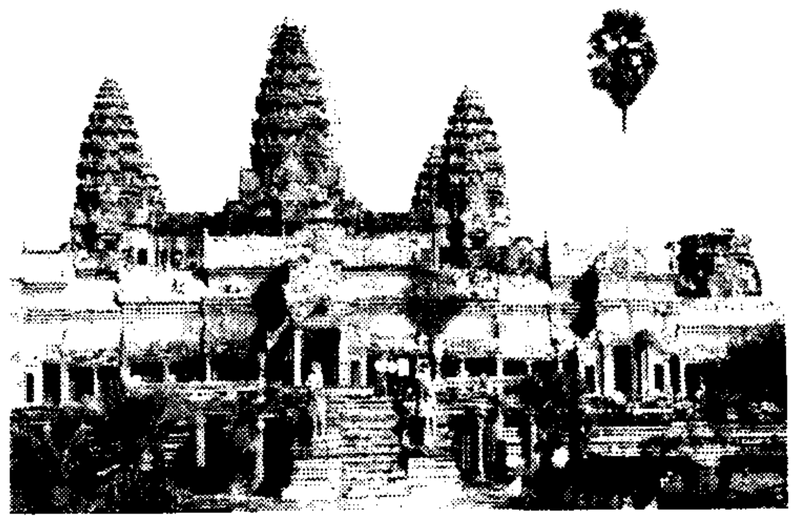
*"The women of Turkey are furious. Armies of 'Natashias', prostitutes from Georgia, are invading Turkey to cream the men."*

**OLENKA FRENKIEL, Radio 4**
**(Robert Davies)**

# HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



## Letter from **Phnom Penh**

*From Our Own Correspondent*

**OUR first democratic elections in May 1993 concluded a US$2.8bn spending spree by the United Nations, which has claimed Cambodia as its one enduring success story. We Cambodians were confused by this.**

First, the outright winner of the election was the royalist Funcinpec party headed by Prince Norodom Ranariddh. But the powerful opposition leader, former Khmer Rouge cadre and leader of the Cambodian Peoples Party, Hun Sen, said he wanted to be prime minister too. "Ok," said the UN, leaving us with two rather fractious PMs.

Second, a major part of the UN mandate was to disarm the genocidal Khmer Rouge, which it apparently forgot to do. Thus our 27-year civil war, which officially ended with the signing of the Paris peace accords in 1991, is still going strong. Both sides have been well funded by the burgeoning illegal timber trade, which last year contributed US$14m to the state budget, and at least US$140m to a parallel budget which funds the army and two main political parties.

But even the UN must acknowledge defeat now that our revered second prime minister, Hun Sen, has "deselected" our elected leader, Prince Ranariddh. The "deselection" took the form of a weekend tank battle, artillery onslaught and the murder, torture and continuing disappearance of various senior royalists. Still, Hun Sen is adamant he has not staged a coup d'etat.

Hun Sen's rhetoric is not unrelated to the fact that on 3 July the international donor community met in Paris and pledged a further US$490m aid to us for the coming year, around half the national budget. Hun Sen's weekend antics commenced only a couple of days later and made the donors not inconsiderably incandescent with rage, prompting strong statements about cutting the aid lifeline. But now that our beloved one-eyed opposition leader has generously selected a new first prime minister — foreign minister Ung Huot — the donors appear reassured that democracy is alive and well.

Of course, this may be a better option than the return to full scale civil war which is advocated by Ranariddh. He, luckily, was in his multi-million dollar villa in Aix-en-Provence when the fighting broke out and is doubtless miffed at being cut off from the filthy lucre that flowed from the illegal timber deals he brokered.

Hun Sen says Ranariddh has only himself to blame because he was trying to bring the Khmer Rouge into the government, and he may have a point. The die-hard KR hardliners, besieged in the north of the country, have certainly being talking to Funcinpec in a series of chats brokered by royalist general and Oliver Reed lookalike Nhek Bun Chay. One of the results was a schism in the KR which resulted in the third death of Pol Pot although, mysteriously, the body still hasn't shown up. Pol Pot's longtime chums and providers, the Thais, say they wouldn't let him in — forgetting to mention that Uncle Pot had a nice pad in Trat province in the 1980s or to explain what a convoy of vehicles was doing when it crossed from hardline KR territory, around Prapalai pass, into Thailand on 8 June.

As usual in Cambodia there are more rumours than facts. No one really knows where Pol Pot is and now no one knows where Nhek Bun Chay is either. But we do know our unelected leader rules the country with an iron grip, and has promised that "free, fair and right" elections will take place on 23 May 1998, right on schedule. Reassured, the international community will continue to prop up our ailing country, while Hun Sen keeps the timber millions all to himself.

# FUNNY OLD WORLD

**O "This may look very mysterious, as if some invisible power is at work," declared Balaram Sharan as he removed his lungi and stood naked before a group of startled reporters at the Mumbai Press Club. "But once you get the hang of it, it is really simple. And remember, if you want to be in the pink of health, you must keep the bladder clean because that is where diseases originate."**

**So saying, Sharan (a yoga instructor from the Oshiwara suburb of New Delhi) dipped his penis into a beakerful of sweet**

**oil and sucked 150ml into his bladder, retaining it for several minutes before discharging it, and (to prove it was still pure oil) using it to light five clay lamps. "I mastered these methods by living amongst the sadhus in the jungles of Uttar Pradesh for twelve years. If everyone starts practising them, the world will become free of disease. Sadhus know the importance of keeping their bowels clean through yogic methods," he continued, inserting one end of a rubber tube into a large bucket of water and the other into his rectum, "and I shall now suck up three litres of water through my anus, and then spew it out from my mouth, back into the bucket. Kindly stand well back."**

**Later, to demonstrate how to clean the nasal cavities, he drank two bottles of water, then inserted a twin tube into his mouth and pulled out its two ends through his nostrils. "See how the water flows out like a babbling brook. Now I will remove the remaining cough and other impurities in my body by swallowing this piece of clean white gauze." He did so and, after several minutes of audible stomach churning, the cloth was regurgitated along with the filth. "Now I'll let out whatever air is left in my stomach," he said, raising his posterior and emitting a series of sharp retorts. "And if you think this is unusual, you should see the sadhu I learned my skills from. He can blow up a balloon with his penis until it is the size of a melon, and spark off fire with his urine. But he lives in the Himalayas and he won't do television."** *(The Sunday Observer [Sri Lanka], 1/6/97. Spotter: Paul Shewry)*

—O—

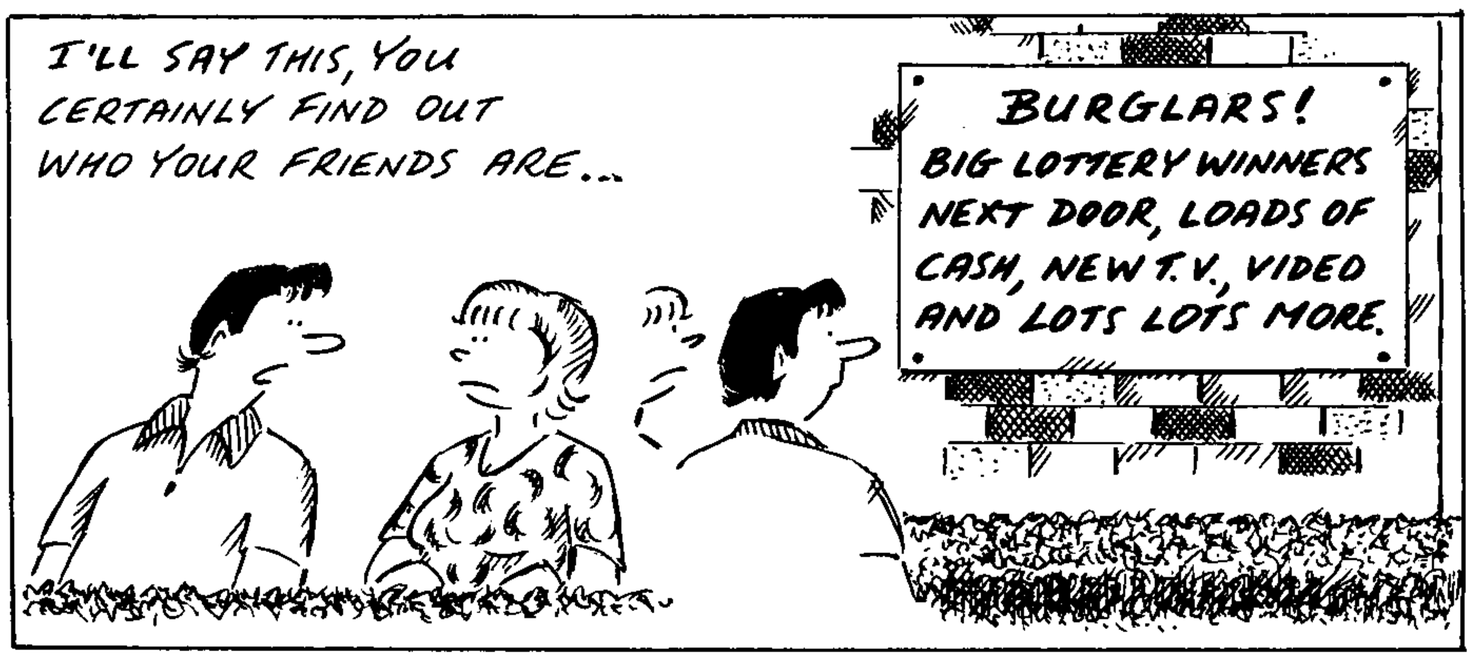
**O** "There was tension in the room even before the erection occurred," Richard Glaff told reporters outside his Georgetown funeral parlour, "because the dead man's family and his mistress clearly did not like each other. There was no love between them. In fact, the entire family were hissing at the mistress and whispering vile names when she came to pay her last respects. But it was most unfortunate that the deceased should have developed an engorgement of embalming fluid in the groin area at precisely the moment that she approached the coffin. Naturally, violence ensued."

Glaff explained what had occurred earlier as the body of the unnamed man (a fifty-two-year old trucker who had suffered a heart attack) was lying in state at the funeral home. "What happened to the cadaver is actually very common and has nothing to do with sex. The muscles constrict as rigor mortis begins to set in. The tightening process often forces pockets of embalming fluid to collect in normally flaccid areas like the cheeks, the tongue and, unfortunately, the penis. But when the widow noticed the activity in the crotch of the deceased's trousers, she just went ballistic. You see, the erection was extremely prominent and appeared just as the mistress drew near the coffin. The widow started screaming that the other woman was still interfering in her marriage even after her husband's death, one thing led to another, and a brawl soon erupted. However, both women have since apologised, so we shall not be pressing charges." *(Kaieteur News [Guyana], 6-12 June 1997. Spotter: Carl Morris)*

COMPILED BY **VICTOR LEWIS-SMITH**

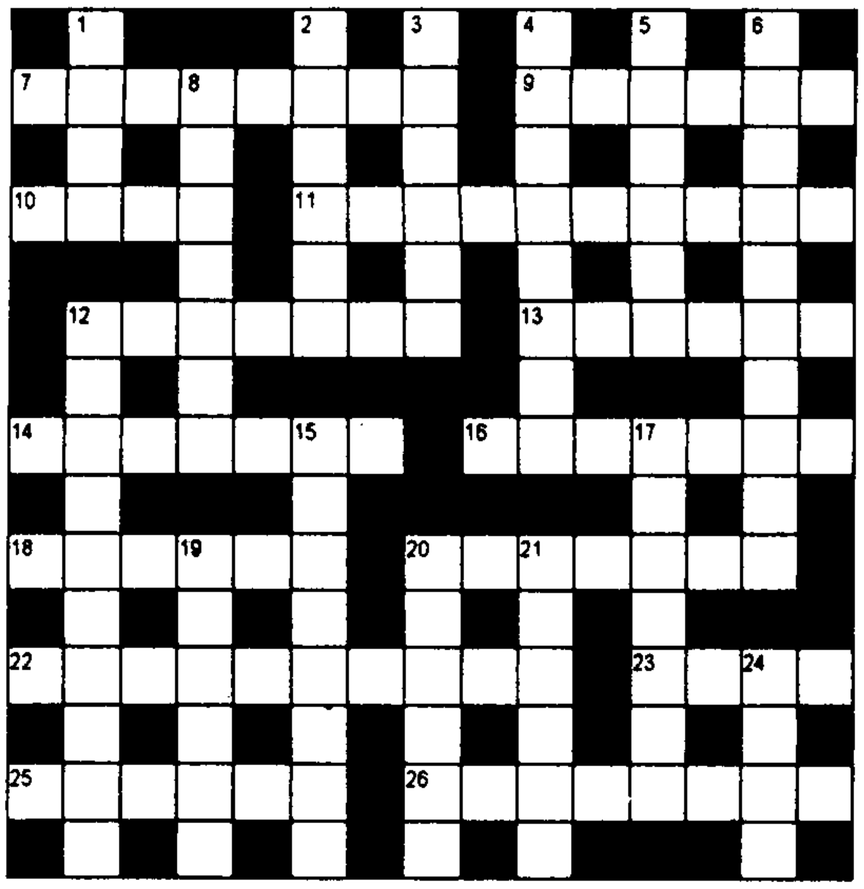
## *The Lottery Winners*

TURNER


I'LL SAY THIS, YOU CERTAINLY FIND OUT WHO YOUR FRIENDS ARE...
BURGLARS! BIG LOTTERY WINNERS NEXT DOOR, LOADS OF CASH, NEW T.V., VIDEO AND LOTS LOTS MORE.

# EYE CROSSWORD 84

by Cyclops *£100 prize*



ACROSS

7 Andy's ex embraces one flipping tabloid bounder (8)
9 Tony started with crap about resistance from top (1-5)
10 Tim's clanger? (4)
11 Raised in vulgar defiance of alcoholic measures? (3,7)
12/6 Dare Howe get involved with Hattersley? No point according to *Eye* feature linking the celebrities (3,4,3,7)
13 Available for a price, as Noel is naff (2,4)
14 Hold it's ecstasy snuggling up to minute underwear around the end of June (7)
16 Fry's not bothered by member's cover-up (1-6)
18 Economic improvement or upheaval? (6)
20 Appeal by ex-PM gets you in tucks (7)
22 Doc's brewed beer is crap (10)
23 (see 1)
25 Our contributor with strong opinions about erections (6)
26 Failure to get off with Nina — I'm so buggered (8)

DOWN

1/23 Poser gets Ford model to act like a wanker around those vulgar people (4,4)
2 Cold balls? Check genital area (6)
3 Congress coming from behind as party gets hollow majority (6)
4 Not the Mellor way to get ready for sex? (5,3)
5 Members at their thickest associate Tory leader with ecstatic times (6)
6 (see 12ac)
8 Rift with West, a right disaster for Iraq (4,3)
12 Queen-hating house cleaner gets part of cooker up first class (10)
15 Some dope is bringing an end to controversial ANC ban (8)
17 The best possible pot, sadly one not forthcoming (7)
19 In an erect state — guess the outcome (6)
20 Celebrated part of a pop idol's anatomy: problem at first getting on Levis, perhaps? (6)
21 Di as far as Brian's concerned to appear on Page Three? What a revelation! (6)
24 Raise legs for a vasectomy? (4)

**£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 1.08.97. Entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.**

## Solution to Crossword No. 83

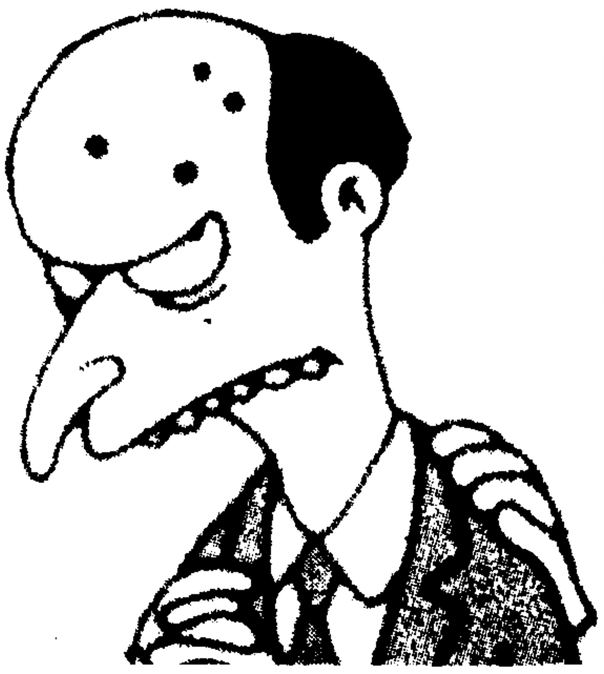
**Winner: DAVID DURRANCE**

ACROSS: 6 Magnate 8 Utopian 10 Maggie 11 Ian Greer 12 Portillo 13 Dolly 14 The Spice Girls 18 Faust 20 Riot gear 22 Bullshit 23 Notify 24 Jam tart 25 HP Sauce.

DOWN: 1 Layabout 2 Knight 3 Stoned 4 Sparkler 5 Gaiety 7 The clap 9 Divorce rate 15 Equality 16 Grown-up 17 Scarface 18 Feudal 19 T-shirt 21 Gateau.

# WORLD'S MOST GLAMOROUS MONEY-MAKER DIES

by Our City Staff **Lazlo Goldfinger**



**THE world of finance was in mourning last night for one of the world's greatest and most glamorous money makers, *Sir Jiammi* Verspasta.**

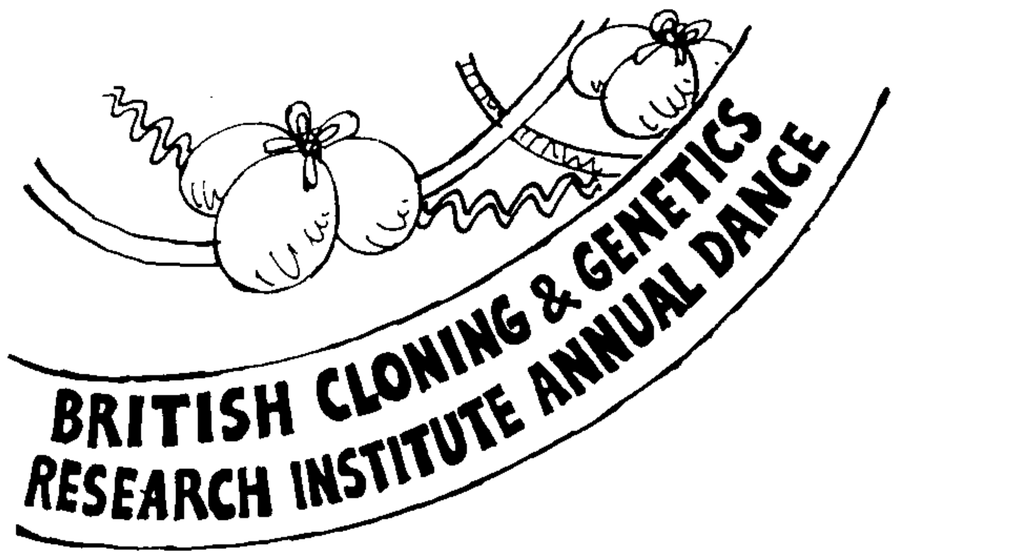
Jiammi's creations were world renowned. His collections of money, made from all the world's leading currencies in different parts of the world, rendered him a household name. Women everywhere wanted to be seen with his money — the familiar dollar bill, the dazzling deutschmark, the exotic Mexican peso.

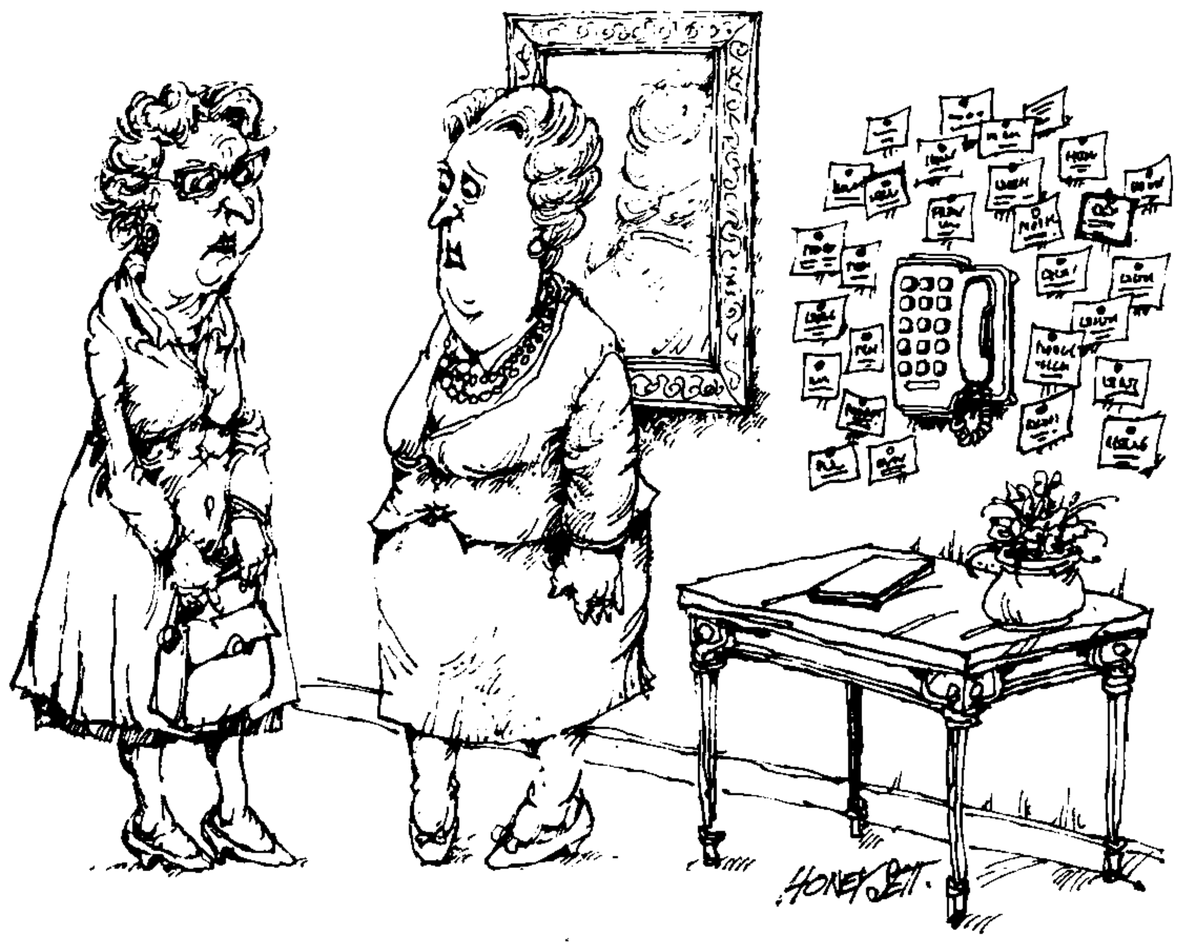
## NOW! Man Dead

Tributes trickled in last night from the world of cash. Said fellow multi-millionaire Taki Cocupthenos: "He was an example to us all. A man of outstanding wealth with a brilliant bank balance and a wonderful way with dosh."

Former City whizz-kid Jim Slater saluted his old friend: "Whatever else you said about him, you had to admire his money. He had much more of it than me. I don't think I have met anyone who had as much."

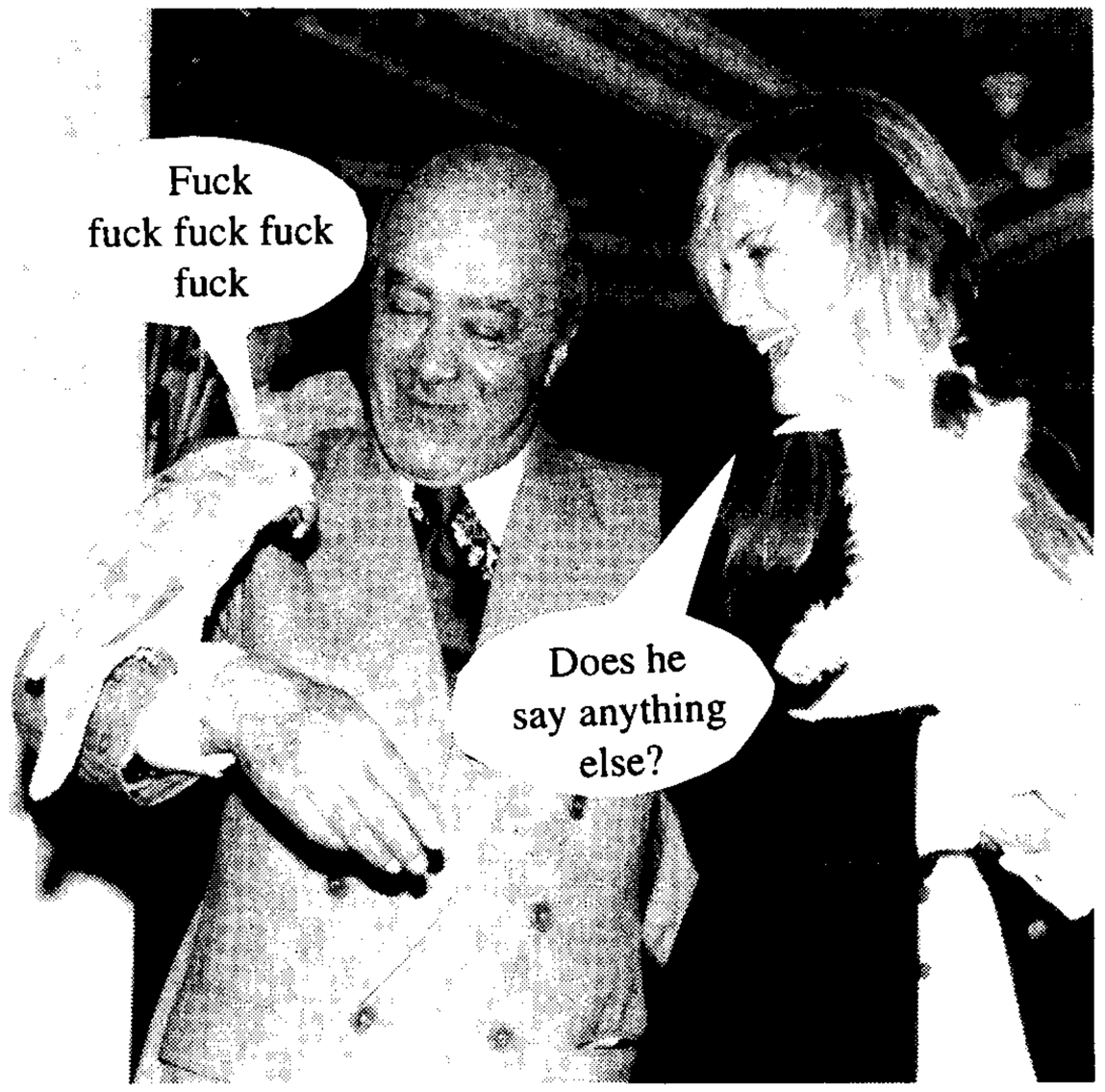
Said another friend and admirer, Conrad Black: "He was a creative genius when it came to money. He used it in a way that no one had ever done before. Of course he was vulgar and obscene. But that was Jiammi. We shall not see his like again."




*"I accept that he goes with prostitutes. I just wish he wasn't so blatant about it"*

# HARRODS MAN IN PARROT DRAMA




# That Highgrove 50th Birthday Party Menu in full

*Welsh Rarebit on the Side*

— * —

*Mutton Dressed as Lamb*
OR
*Legover of Pork*
OR
*Old Trout*

— * —

*Future Queen of Puddings*

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

# Letters to the Editor

*From Sir Herbert Gusset*

SIR—Like many of your readers, it was recently my honour and privilege to travel up to London to take part in the wonderful and inspiring "Rally" in support of traditional country pursuits, such as fox-hunting, skittle-baiting and mole-coursing, of the last of which I personally have been a lifelong devotee. Indeed, for a brief period back in the late 1940s I was honoured to be chosen as "Master Moler" of the Mendip and District Molehunt. But I digress.

On arriving at the capital for the great "Demonstration", I stopped off once or twice to fortify myself for the long march ahead. And soon I was being carried along by a convivial crowd of fellow countryfolk, clad gaily in dark glasses, black leather trousers and heavy boots, towards the park which was our destination.

"Are you one of us?" enquired a young yeoman, with pink hair and a large droopy moustache. "Indeed I am, sir," I replied, "and proud to be so." At which, I confess, I was rather surprised when he kissed me on the lips and invited me to his cottage in Hornsey.

Such was the euphoria in which we were all caught up, that I did not hear any of the speeches from such well-known champions of country pursuits as Sir Nicholas Soames, Mr Michael Heseltine and Mr Auberon Waugh. But I was delighted to see how many young people were prepared to travel up from every corner of the land to make clear their views, or as one militant young lady put it, "Come out of the closet".

I would just like to congratulate those responsible for this splendid occasion on a superb feat of organisation. They had even had the forethought to provide thousands of toilets — at least one for every two demonstrators. With support like this, no wonder Johnny Fox is quaking in his boots.

SIR H. GUSSETT
"Tally-Ho", Clapham Common

# DI – IS SHE OR ISN'T SHE?

## * A Glenda Slagg Special *

**☐THOSE tell-tale pics are keeping the world guessing, as Di frolics in the Med with Egypt's Mr Sexy.**

**A little swelling leaves millions asking this question: has she got anything at all in her head?**

**Glenda says: At thirty-six your biological clock is ticking away and grey matter is disappearing at an alarming rate.**

**If she wants a little intelligence, it's not too late to get some.**

**What do you think? Is she or isn't she amazingly stupid?**

**If your answer is YES then ring this number: 0176543 7920159.**

**If your answer is NO, you must be as thick as she is.**

## A Doctor writes

AS A doctor I am often asked: "Doctor, why are you trying to kill me?"

Well, the short answer is that we doctors are busy people and it is only humane to allow us to enjoy our leisure time with dignity (*medicus luxurius golfclubensis*, to give it its full medical title).

If you think you may be about to die, do not seek medical advice.

© *A. Doctor, c/o Pentonville Prison*

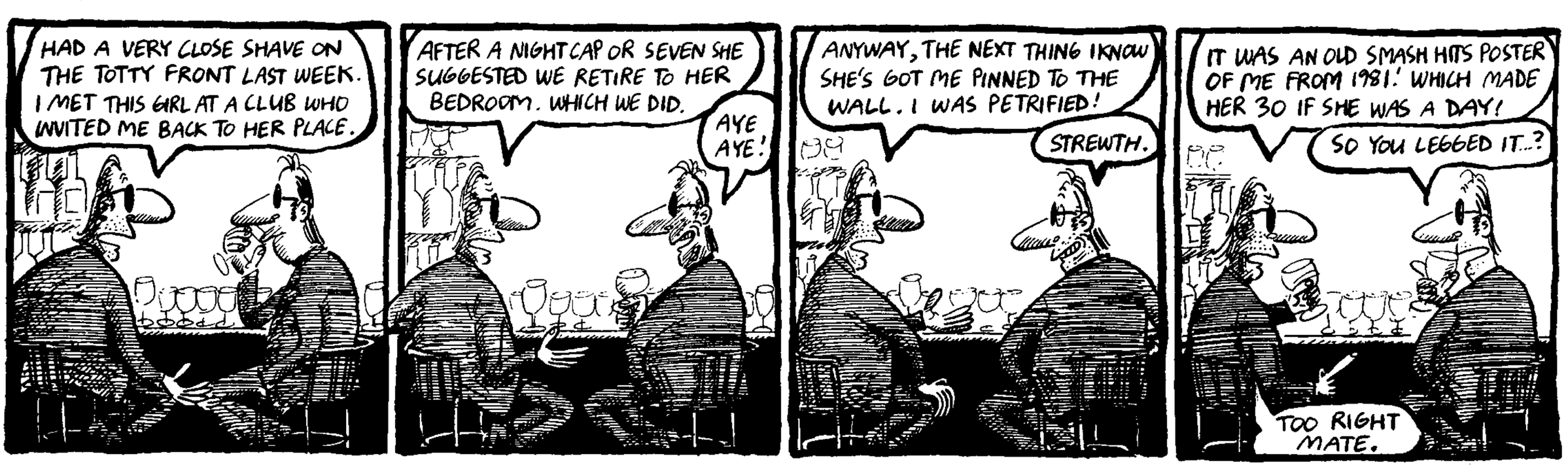
## Cemetery to go in here if long enough

Body text in Nimrod 8/9pt set full out. Body text in Nimrod 8/9pt set full out. Body text in Nimrod 8/9pt set full out. Body text in Nimrod 8/9pt full out.

*Surrey Comet*

Celeb

LIGGER


HAD A VERY CLOSE SHAVE ON THE TOTTY FRONT LAST WEEK. I MET THIS GIRL AT A CLUB WHO INVITED ME BACK TO HER PLACE.
AFTER A NIGHT CAP OR SEVEN SHE SUGGESTED WE RETIRE TO HER BEDROOM. WHICH WE DID.
AYE AYE!
ANYWAY, THE NEXT THING I KNOW SHE'S GOT ME PINNED TO THE WALL. I WAS PETRIFIED!
STREWTH.
IT WAS AN OLD SMASH HITS POSTER OF ME FROM 1981! WHICH MADE HER 30 IF SHE WAS A DAY!
SO YOU LEGGED IT...?
TOO RIGHT MATE.

# ST ALBION PARISH NEWS

*Incumbent: Rev. A.R.P. Blair M.A. (Oxon)*

Hullo!

I am sure you will all agree that there are two issues which, quite rightly, are concerning people at this time more than any others.

The first is the dreadful evil of teenage smoking which is the real scourge of our times.

When I look at my own 14-year-old son Euan, the one thing which worries me above all is the thought that one day he might come into my study, when I am preparing my sermon, and say: "Dad, I've got something to tell you. Last night, I smoked my first cigarette."

I hope I would have the courage to say to him: "Look, the fact of the matter is that smoking is a disgusting, anti-social, perverted habit. You may even catch a disease from it which could cause your death. The choice is yours, Euan. Either you give it up now, or you get out of my house."

Harsh words, I know, but sometimes you have to be cruel to be kind. (*Luke Ch.34 v.3*)

The second issue which worries us all, of course, is the way millions of young people are being denied the freedom to express their love for each other in the way which seems most natural to them.

Gay love is a fact of life, and yet the law as it stands turns our gay young

people into criminals. It should be their choice after all!

I believe this is wrong, and I promise you that I will do everything in my power (which is quite a lot, as you know!) to make sure that we change our attitude on this very important matter.

All of us at St Albion's must support the right of our 16-year-olds to express their sexual orientation in whatever way they choose.

That is the way of compassion, and incidentally Cherie agrees with me very strongly about this!

Yours,

Tony

*KUMBAYA! Your vicar joins the chorus at Sunday School*

## Important Notice From Your Churchwarden (to be read by all parishioners)

*As you know, I am very keen that all information regarding church business should be made freely available to anyone who wishes to consult it. But obviously there are certain matters which must remain confidential. So from now on the minutes of the PCC are to be read only by authorised persons (Tony and myself) and I shall take a very dim view of anyone who is caught breaching this instruction.*

*Another point. Holidays. Owing to the pressure of the workload, it is very important that all members of the PCC remain contactable by me at all times. This means no holidays in Tuscany please. (Obviously this does not apply to the Vicar, who deserves a break after all the sterling work he has put in on behalf of all of us!)*

*P.M.*

## Verses By A Local Poet

### Sunshine In Our Hearts

All through June, the rain
poured down
Both in the country and the town
But Tony has given such a
wonderful start
That the sun still shines in all our
heart(s)!

*Mrs A. Roddick*

We are very honoured to have received the following letter from a Very Important Person!

*Highgrove, Glos*

*Dear Tony,*

*I just want you to know how very much I appreciate all you are doing to get young people off the streets and into full-time training opportunities. This is what we are trying to do at the Prince's Trust, and I am happy that we share the same goals.*

*Yours sincerely,*
*H.R.H. The Prince of Wales*

## Notices

● We are happy to say that **Dr Mowlam's** talk on *"How The People of Northern Ireland Discovered The Way Of Peace"* will now go ahead, after last week's cancellation.

## *New • • • New • • • New • • • New • • • New • • • !*

### Focus Group

This is **YOUR** chance to play **YOUR** part in a lively new project! To help me do my job better on behalf of all of you, I need to be able to tap into exactly what you think and feel about what we are doing at St Albion's!

As a member of our new "**Focus Group**", you can be rung up at any time, by either me or our churchwarden Mr Mandelson, and asked a few simple questions. Eg, "Do you approve of our Millennium initiative?" If your answer is "no", Mr Mandelson will come round to talk things over! So, please remember, St Albion's is **YOUR** parish and this is **YOUR** chance to make **YOUR** views known!

T.B.

*Advertisement*

HAVE YOU GOT A LEGAL PROBLEM?
Then why not contact the Vicar's wife (Cherie) who will be pleased to give you the advice you need at a very competitive price (£600 per hour).
*Apply to the Vicarage.*

# STORM OVER NEW-LOOK RADIO FOUR

## BLAIR TO ACT?

by Our Media Staff **Phil Space**

**THE NATION was in shock last night after BBC chiefs were said to be considering a complete "restructuring" of the BBC's jewel in the crown, Radio Four.**

Among the tributes to the doomed service which poured in from all over the world was a one-line epitaph from Melvyn Barg who said: "Quite simply, Radio Four was the greatest cultural achievement of the 20th Century."

### Alec Douglas-Home Service

Among the legendary Radio Four programmes threatened with the axe are:

● *Hullo Sailor!*, **the highly popular Saturday morning chat show introduced by Ned Twinky**

● *The Toast Programme*, **the highly popular weekly round-up of latest developments in the world of toast**

● *Midweek Bores*, **the highly popular mid-week book-plugging show, hosted by the doyenne of mid-week broad-casting, Libby Grapefruit-Segments**

● *Has He Got Hay-Fever?* **the highly popular weekly pro-gramme for allergy sufferers.**

*The late Alistair Cooke writes:* It was in the fall of the year when Thomas Dewey, then a little-known state governor from Hackenbush, Illinois, astonished the pollsters by *(Sorry, Mr Cooke, you're fired.)*

### MAN IN THE EYE

## Roger Wilco

**What is he like — the BBC Controller of Radio Four who has just axed all of Britain's most popular programmes?**

**Colleagues who know him well say they have no idea who he is or what he does.**

**But Wilco is a BBC high-flier, very much in the Birt mould, who is as happy listening to Oasis as to late Beethoven.**

**Intensely dull and extremely boring, the man who has said that it is his lifetime's ambition to close down Test Match Special**

*(contd p.94)*

WHITE MEN BEHAVING BADLY

## COURT CIRCULAR

HIGHGROVE, THURSDAY

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, gave a small, informal party to mark the 50th birthday of Mrs Camilla Parker-Knowles. The guests included the Earl and Countess of Melbourne, the Viscount Deadbat, Miss Tarama Palmolive-Tomlinson, Miss Tarara Boomdiay, Miss Panorama Pinkerton-Twygge and Mr Jonathan Dimblebore. Apologies were received from the following: Her Majesty the Queen, H.M. the Queen Mother, H.R.H. the Princess Royal and all the Royal Family.

ST TROPEZ, FRIDAY

Prince Mohamed Al-Fayed played host on board his yacht, the *S.S. Cash For Questions*, to Diana, Princess of Wales, H.R.H. the Prince William and H.R.H. the Prince Harry. Among those in attendance were Mr Kelvin Fatgut (the Daily Star), Mr Don Dung (the Sun), Mr Nobby Skidmark (Sunday Sport), Mr Wally Toilet (the Daily Express) and Sir Charles Moore (the Daily Telegraph). Mr Al-Fayed presented Her ex-Royal Highness with the Order of the Harrods Sales Gift Voucher First Class (£50).

CLARENCE HOUSE, SUNDAY

Her Majesty the Queen Mother celebrated her 107th birthday quietly with her faithful bottle of gin.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, WEDNESDAY

Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh gave a small, informal garden party for 2,000 couples who are celebrating their Golden Wedding anniversaries this year. Among the guests were Mr and Mrs Rex Enfield of Dunmow, Mr and Mrs Arnold Seedcake of Dymchurch, Mr and Mrs Hamish McMuffin of Auchtermuchty *(that's enough names, Ed).*

*"Arthur Medlicott does not get ambushed twice in the same place!"*

JOHN CONNOR PRESS ASSOCIATES
has a vacancy for

**NEWS REPORTER**

Experience required-no trainees.
An interest in women's features an advantage.

*Press Gazette*

**WIMBLEDON hero Tim Henman has sold his balls, a snip at £25 a piece, to raise cash for the homeless.**

*South London Press*

**A Sylvie Krin Summer Special**

# The Princess and the Pharaoh

*From the pen that brought you* Heir of Sorrows *and* Born To Be Queen.

DIANA, Princess of Wales, draped her lissome body over the polished brass rail of the S.S. Shaggi – named, she had been told by its owner, after the ancient Egyptian Goddess of Love.

In the distance she could see the twinkling lights of St Tropez under a perfect velvet sky dotted with a million stars.

How far away it all seemed — those troubles that had beset her for months. The silly business of her visit to *Three Cheers For The IRA*. The trivial complaints of her retinue. And then there was Camilla — hogging the limelight. Stealing her thunder.

But, as she stared into the wash that drifted from the stern of this magnificent yacht, she could forget it all for a moment.

How different things were now. The generosity of her charming host Sir Admiral Fayed had exceeded anything she had ever known.

Her stateroom when she came on board had proved to be a veritable cornucopia, recalling the court of the Emperor Versace. Bouquets of pink and yellow sleezias filled the cabin with the perfumes of the Orient. Harrods hampers of cheese biscuits, pork pies and champagne stood open on every table. A copy of the latest issue of *Punch* lay invitingly on her pillow.

But one thing had puzzled her —the silk pyjamas carefully folded on the king-size bed, emblazoned in scarlet silk letters with the legend "Fayed Does It Twenty Times A Day" — what did it all mean?

"Everyting OK, Your Ladyship?"

Her reverie was broken by the thick Arabian tones of her swarthy host as he inched close to her on the handrail.

Diana's perfectly formed nostrils were assailed by a bouquet of heady odours — cigar smoke, 5-star brandy and Mr Dempster's "Salon" aftershave, reminding her of tempestuous nights with the dashing Lieutenant Smythely-Dunce of the Welsh Dragoons.

"Fuggin' good boat, eh?" continued her benefactor, mixing words of his native Egypt with those of his adopted country of Great Britain. "It cost me plenty bucks. But's OK, lady. Uncle Fayed, he got fuggin' fortune!"

From below came the strains of the Harrods Food-Hall Serenaders playing a selection from Classic FM's "Music For Lovers".

Diana could not help but notice that, although it was only half-past nine, the Egyptian entrepreneur was already swathed in a gold lamé dressing gown and little else.

"Do you like to go to bed early?" she enquired innocently.

His dark eyes rolled with a roguish leer.

"Hey, lady, I like to go to bed any time! Especially with gorgeous fuggin' dolly bird like you, sweety-pie."

It took Diana a moment to realise what was afoot. What had been offered was a Mediterranean cruise with a trusted friend of her step-mother — "He's an absolute charmer. He'll do anything for a girl."

But the dream was rapidly turning into a hideous nightmare. Below decks, the orchestra reached a crescendo with Smirnov's "Nights in the Alhambra".

"You wanna quickie, lady?" The Admiral lunged towards her. But Diana was too quick for him. She moved from the rail and, with a cry of "Fugg me!", the bulky lothario plunged overboard.

A roar of mocking laughter rang out from the press launch following in their wake.

© *S. Krin 1997.*

# Notes & Queries

**QUESTION: Can tortoises run? — *J.R. Jaspan.***

☐ It is a widespread misconception that tortoises can only walk very slowly. This is because they are normally observed in captivity, where their movements are necessarily restricted. But in northern India, the giant Himalayan Tortoise (*testudo speedusgonzalensis*) has been known to run at speeds in excess of 70mph and can even outstrip a cheetah over short distances. This fact was known to the Greek historian Herodotortus who described the famous "Tortoise Races" staged by the Scythians in honour of the god Apollo in the 5th century BC. — *Professor Mervyn Turtle, Reader in Carapacian Studies, University of Brent Cross.*

**QUESTION: Who invented the "quiche"? — Sybil Whipsnade.**

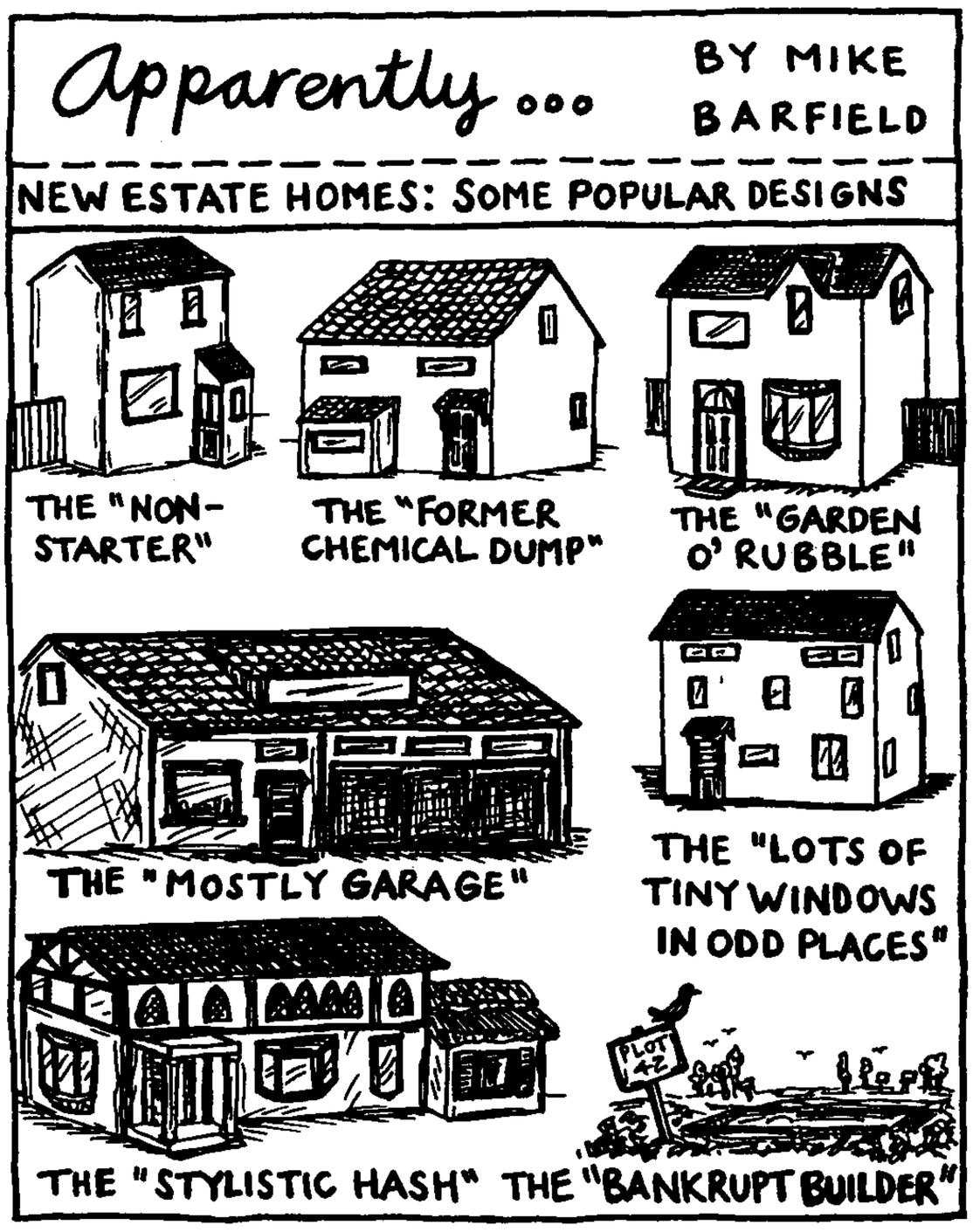
☐ MICHAEL Beaker is wrong in claiming that his popular French pastry dish was named after the Marquis de Quiche (1632-1694). In fact, the quiche was not a French invention at all, but was introduced into Europe by the Portuguese explorer Vasco da Baillie who had seen the Indians of Tierra del Fuego baking cakes of maize, eggs and plantain leaves in primitive clay ovens. The word "quiche" was derived from the original term Kich, which also gave rise to the word "Kitchen" (meaning literally "a place where 'Kiches' were cooked"). — *Lady Ludmilla Waldegrave, Dorset.*

**QUESTION: Is it true that there are plans to run a tube service to Mars by the year 2020? — *M.B. Trevor-Roper, Didcot.***

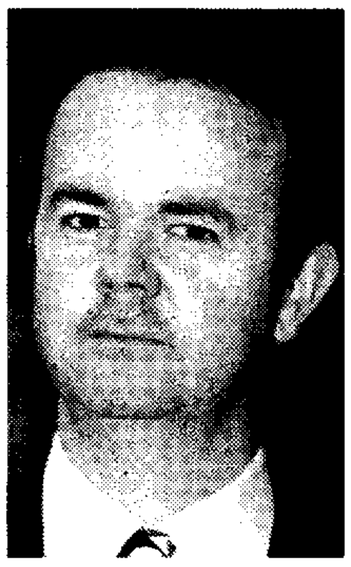
☐ LONDON Underground recently put in for a National Lottery grant to extend the Jubilee Line into outer space, using a revolutionary "Moonorail" technique. But it is unlikely that this will have got further than Canvey Island before the year 2050. — *J.P.F. Bakerloo, Editor of Tubes and Tubemen.*

**NEXT WEEK:** Answers please to the following: Could rain "fall" upwards? (N. Luard); Is it true that A. Hitler lived for a time in Bournemouth before he became famous? (C. Hawtree); When is Frank Johnson going to get the sack as Editor of the Spectator? (S. Rachmaninov).

AFTER JESUS TURNED WATER INTO WINE THOUSANDS FOLLOWED HIM TO GALILEE




# Where Are They Now?



**No. 94**: Mr William Hague

IN JUNE 1997, an obscure young politician named William Hague suddenly emerged from nowhere to become leader of the Conservative Party. For several days Hague was front-page news, as commentators vied to acclaim the new white hope who could unite the Tory Party after its years of internecine warfare. He was a brilliant debater whose razor-sharp intellect would make him more than a match for the new prime minister Tony Blair. But after a couple of Question Times and a few interviews in the Daily Telegraph, everyone realised that he was just a boring little nonentity who should never have been given the job, and he soon faded back into the obscurity from which he had briefly emerged.

# POETRY CORNER

**In Memoriam Frau Gerda Christian, Hitler's Typist**

So. Farewell
Then Gerda
Christian

Hitler's secretary.

Yes, he was
The Great
Dictator.

And you
Took
Dictation.

Adolf Thribbler (17½)

Funding for Agoraphobic Group
**GRAND INDOOR BOOT SALE**
St Vincents Gymnasium Hall, Mallard Close, Mallard Close, Temple Hill, Dartford
*Bromley News Shopper*

The Daily Hurleygraph

NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

Friday, July 25, 1997

# Eyetie poof shot
# World mourns

**by Our Fashion Staff**
**CHRISTOPHER VOGUE**
**Miami, Tuesday**

THE WORLD was in total shock last night following the news that a man who once designed a dress for the international megastar Liz Hurley had been gunned down by a gay serial killer.

Tributes to the late Allegro Vivace poured in from the four corners of the earth.

Among those to mourn the genius they called "the man who once designed a dress for Liz Hurley" were: Elton John, Ben Elton, the late Augustus John, Tony Benn, Mother Teresa, the late Leonid Brezhnev, the Spice Girls and the late Sir Edward Heath.

## That Dress

In a long and illustrious career that lasted well over two years, Vivace left his stamp on the 20th century like few other artists.

But undoubtedly his most lasting achievement was the astonishing creation in black and gold in which Liz Hurley attended the world premiere of the award-winning film *Four Safety Pins And A Piece Of Cloth*.

Fashion guru Alexandra Schoolmarm held back her tears last night to explain that "Vivace was a god to all who knew him. He was Leonardo da Vinci, Picasso and the Beatles all rolled into one.

"He was the first person to realise that people without any taste would buy his clothes for a lot of money."

## Inside

Liz Hurley wearing that dress — Full Picture Tribute **2-26**
More Birds Showing Their Tits **27-47**
Was Vivace The Boss Of The Mafia? by Boris Johnson **94**
Things Were Different When I Was Young by William Deedes **95**
End Of An Era — Leader by Chas Moore **5**

Harry Enfield's **Bores** Drawn by **Michael Heath** **17. The commuter**

"I mean traffic in London is an absolute joke look at this I've moved five yards in half an hour I think *all* cars should be banned from the Capital's streets & I *mean all* except those who obviously need them for work like my husband for instance who needs to be able to drive into the city because he's got a reserved space & the tube takes ten minutes longer than his car journey which is criminal *and* they have absolutely no facilities for mobile phone users underground which is bloody insane in this day & age the tube's useless they should fill them all in with rubble & of course *I* need my car for the school run & Sainsbury's & I would take the bus to Harvey Nicks but it isn't direct & I might be mugged but all these other people they're just selfish & stupid one person per car blocking the roads with no concern for pedestrians who make me sick jay walking should be an offence cyclists are the worst they pull out in front of you as do taxis weren't they taught how to use indicators? & buses are just as bad & motorcyclists are the worst for weaving in & out they should all be banned & lorries with their pollution & Royal Mail vans blocking the roads for ecologically responsible car users like me…"

# DIARY

## EATING OUT WITH ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Whence we go thither to a top nosherie, like-minded blokes in tow, forsooth. The feeding-trough in question on this fair day resides in Surrey, that most furthest-flung county of Good Queen Bess's fair land. Having arrived at the restaurant we pile through the door of this nosherie into the dining-room of this feeding-house, for some first-class nosh at this joint, verily a nosherie among eateries.

Negotiating our expedition into deepest Surrey is an affair of the somewhat daunting variety. A bit like trying to cap a story by Peter Ustinov, a guy — and close chum — who I reckon is uncappable-with in his stories, because he is such an accomplished teller of the story variety. How to get yonder to Surrey? From Mayfair, my trusty chauffeur motors me to my private helicopter at Battersea, thence to deepest Stansted, whence a specially-chartered jet takes me to Heathrow, thither by helicopter to the Isle of Wight, where our private yacht awaits for the voyage to Portsmouth, thither to Surrey by private horse-drawn carriage. When will Mr Blair — a chum, incidentally, with whom I can honestly avow I have never had a cross word with, despite the best efforts of the rumour-mongers — do something about the demands placed on the private traveller in getting from A to the equally proverbial B?

Picking up the piece of paper of the menu variety in said feeding-hole, I remind my erstwhile companions of other chums of the close variety with whom I have shared with similar-type menus down the yonks. Babs Streisand, Brucie Willis, Stevie Sondheim, Di Ross, Jo and No Major, Rogery Moore: chums all, I promise.

The nosh is good stuff, the food likewise. Out of the starting gate comes a garlicky potatoey and tomatoey dish of garlic, tomato and potato, all good nosh, if you like this stuff, but with a potatoey and tomatoey garlic sort-of-taste.

Tally-ho, and on we gallop through to the second hurdle, a galantine of cauliflowered pigs trotter with tripe, mushrooms and ravioli in a spinach sauce flavoured with intense pesto and smooth pork pate with lemon aubergine and bresaola, topped with firm young rabbit liver with a dressing of liquefied young mountain lamb and artichoke puree, all very cauliflowery, trottery, tripey, pestoey, pork-pateey, aubergíney, bresaolay, rabbit livery and lamby. And did the old tastebuds, companions of many an oft meal, detect a veritable hint of artichoke puree, methinks?

Perforce, in my book this eaterie in Surrey is not all that similar to similar nosheries in Tinseltown, USA, whence I thwart on occasion with Mr Spielberg of the Stephen variety and other good chums. The difference between Surrey and Hollywood is that Surrey is in England and Hollywood is in the US of You-Know-Where, and that's the difference. Back to the proceedings viz our meal, now onto the puddy-pud stage. I had some excellent zabaglione, which was so-so, and my companions, who weren't the redoubtable Mr Elton John or the equally redoubtable President and Mrs Bill Clinton — with whom, incidentally, my relations have always been cordial, despite what they may say — tucked into some post-main-course pudding-style nosh of the sweet variety, including some vanilla ice-cream, very ice-creamy and vanilla-ish.

"This restaurant," I said to my chums, whose names I have temporarily mislaid, "this restaurant reminds me a bit of a restaurant which was a bit like this restaurant I visited once, but it was somewhere else I think." My chums, all employees and grateful for it, removed their faces and visages out of their repast of food, drink, nosh and liquid of the imbibing variety and looked over in my direction — as they are obliged to do when yours truly is footing the damage! "You're so wonderful, Andrew! Do tell us about any awards you've won recently, oh please do!" they chorused together from the songsheets provided. So chuffed — multo-chuffo, mes amigos! — was I that I swiftly ordered another duo of bottles of the local *vino rougeo* and set about telling them of the time I was profusely complimented on *Superstar* by no less a chum than the Queen Mum, she of mother-of-the-queen fame.

Are you an ordinary housewife fed up with trying to thingy the screaming kiddies round the local supermarket? Why not tootle off to a sun-soaked private beach on the Cote d'Azur in a specially-chartered jet with a few good chums from the world of movies and theatre, then? That's what I did last week, and I don't know why the rest of the world doesn't do it too, because that's what I did.

We ate some good nosh at some good eateries on the good old Coters. The risotto was good, and so was the good soup, which was good. The veg, too, was good, and I would say that the potatoes were on the whole good. Service was good, and the coffee was good. Asking around the table, it was good that everyone agreed with me that this was a good eaterie, which was good. After my third bottle of the good local wine — red, white, and mixed — I had a good vomit, which my companions kindly averred was one of my best ever, which was good.

Namedroperooni time. My good chum the Princess of Wales told me her tip-top favourite musical offering by yours truly was not *Phantom* or *Superstar* or *Sunset*, adore them though she definitely did, I've got written proof, and I'll sue anyone who says she didn't (the word "genius" was partaken, bless her cotton socks) but her absolute fave was my erstwhile offering, *Wind*. Well, the time for the Awards ceremonies is again upon us, so I guess that puts your esteemed scrivener in the erstwhile hot seat once more, with *Wind* in the front line for all the gongs. What an utter botheration it is flying to Baden Baden or Timbuctoo or Tinseltown, USA, to yet another award winners bash, thither to be burdened with yet another gong of the first prize variety, particularly when, like me, you are a modest bloke who prefers to spend his time sitting around being modest with a few good chums. I wish they had awards for ordinary, modest blokes — because then I'd scoop the lot, and everyone would have to acknowledge I'm brill instead of getting at me all the time. I'll imbibe to that, my liege!

# SUPERMODELS

KERBER

IN MEMORY OF GIANNI VERSACE
MY CONDOLENCES GIANNI. IT WAS A TERRIBLE THING THAT HAPPENED TO YOU!
BUT IF IT'S ANY CONSOLATION, AT LEAST YOU'RE NOW SAFE FROM THOSE EVIL TWISTED LUNATICS DOWN THERE!
YES. IT IS RATHER NICE TO GET AWAY FROM THE FASHION INDUSTRY!

WE APOLOGISE TO David Watkins, CAABU's Hon. Treasurer, for an unfortunate typographical error in the last focus. The review of his book; "*17 Years in obscurity - Memoirs from the backbenches*". Of course "*irrelevant*" should read "*irreverent*"

***Focus (Caabu)***

Hundreds of young people want to throw themselves off a cliff....
we need you to help them!

fairbridge
Supporting Inner City Youth

***Bristol Evening Post***

# Literary Review

## Flabbier and Flabbier

**New Books Autumn 1997**
*(Faber, Free)*

**Breaking Hearts**
Simon Gray
*(Faber, £5.99)*

**Hand To Mouth**
Paul Auster
*(Faber, £15.99)*

AS the historic home of T.S. Eliot and the last of the great independent publishers to remain outside a conglomerate octopus, Faber & Faber still retains much cachet and goodwill in British publishing. This, though, is rapidly evaporating.

Still searching for a new fiction editor after nearly a year (*Eyes passim*), the company now seems on the brink of becoming a specialist film publisher with the once-glorious literary list kept going by fading works from ageing superstars like P.D. James and Ted Hughes.

Faber's autumn list shows the depth of its crisis. The film section is easily the fattest section of the catalogue, with 22 titles. But closer examination establishes that film is taking over all the other disciplines as well. The volumes of biography touted include works on Steven Spielberg, Fritz Lang, David Lean, John Wayne and Lee Marvin, whose photograph adorns the front cover of a publication which, in the past, has more usually featured a jacket detail from one of the company's hot Booker contenders.

Hidden in the plays and theatre section is *From Liverpool To Los Angeles*, a study of television movies by Peter Ansorge of Channel 4. Even the paltry selection of new novels turns out to include one from Gus Van Sant, by profession a movie director. If this continues, it will soon be time for Faber & Faber to change its name to Popcorn & Choc-Ice.

Beyond this literary multiplex, the list shows further evidence of all of Faber's recent worrying trends. There is the Lost in Translation tradition, represented this season by the Parisian hit *Pig Tales: A Novel Of Lust And Transformation* by Marie Darrieussecq, in which a young woman turns into a pig and has an affair with a werewolf.

Then there are the uncertain attempts at populism. *The Paranormal World of Paul McKenna* is apparently "a challenging exploration of those things science cannot explain — yet!" You hope they haven't sent a proof copy of this telly-tied shlock to John Carey, who recently edited the scholarly and exhaustive *Faber Book of Science*.

But the most obvious sign of Faber's decline is the suggestion that it publishes anything — anything at all — by one of its names.

This month, for example, Faber publishes *Breaking Hearts*, an 84-page text by Simon Gray. This is not, on the surface, odd. F&F often put out Gray volumes of about that size. Those, though, were plays. This is supposedly a novel. As the Faber catalogue comments of the playwright: "Thirty years ago, he was a highly regarded young novelist with four critically acclaimed novels to his name. With *Breaking Hearts*, his first novel for three decades, he more than fulfils that early promise."

Er, no. *Breaking Hearts*' 84 narrow pages contain a series of monologues, the main voice being that of an alcoholic female English don at London University. The "novel" describes sexual encounters which may or may not be her dipsomaniac fantasies. There's the occasional neat phrase — "jutty buttocks", for example — but the book just feels so unnecessary. Why would anyone want to pay 7p per page for an aimless prose squib by a writer famous for his dialogue?

But, later in the year, there's an even more egregious book coming. F&F really prizes the American novelist Paul Auster, perhaps because he's just started writing and directing movies as well. But Auster wasn't always so successful. In fact, he's just written *Hand To Mouth: A Chronicle of Early Failure*, which tells of the years when he couldn't get anything published, not even a board-game he dreamed up.

Auster's pleasant account of his apprenticeship runs to 120 pages. Incredibly, there are then 300 pages of appendices containing the unwanted works whose composition was described in the short memoir. There are the texts of three unperformed plays, the sketches for the unsold board game and the total 60,000 words or so of a flopped crime novel. Reproduction of this piece of juvenilia seems particularly mind-boggling, as Auster has announced in the memoir that the best thing about it was its trick ending, which he gives away.

I realise that these guys are professional publishers and we are mere readers. But how many people do you think actually want to read a slush-pile crime novel of which they already know the ending? And for £15.99? Suddenly, you understand why Faber is now so keen on movie books. Screenwriters, even the good ones, have perhaps a 40 percent strike rate of what gets made from what they write. But, hey, this way, F&F can publish all their unwanted stuff as well.

## Books & Bookmen

☐ **SNOOTY Old Etonian William Dalrymple, who fancies himself as the world's greatest expert on Indian affairs, was loftily dismissive in his** *Sunday Times* **review of Sunil Khilnani's new book,** *The Idea of India*.

**He lamented the author's "windy generalisations", "academic pomposity" and the "turgid academese" of his prose style. "All of this," he concluded, "makes** *The Idea of India* **pretty hard going."**

**He should know. For Dalrymple made the mistake of leaving his review copy lying around, and friends who inspected it were interested to find that he had scribbled a few notes only on the first few pages and last few pages. On closer inspection, they discovered that 60 pages in the middle had in fact been accidentally bound in from a completely different book (about Shanghai) due to a production cock-up by the publishers.**

**The precious Dalrymple, who apparently doesn't care to prejudice himself by reading a book all the way through, hadn't even noticed.**

■ *THE Times and Daily Mail were both delighted by a new book by Leonard Sellars called Shot in The Tower.*

*The Times told its readers that the story of the 11 German spies shot in the Tower of London had "never before been disclosed", while the Mail said excitedly: "Told for the first time, the story of the German spies shot at dawn."*

*Er, in fact the details had already been "revealed" — along with a picture of one of the spies, Carl Hans Lody — as long ago as 1920 in a book called German Spies at Bay by Sidney Theodore Felstead.*

*Thus the Mail's awed quotation of a letter sent by Lody to his family before his execution, now "discovered" by Sellars: "A hero's death on the battlefield is certainly finer, but such is not to be my lot".*

*Exactly the same quote the enterprising Felstead uncovered 77 years earlier...*

*'Bookworm'*

## EARLY MUSIC NEWS

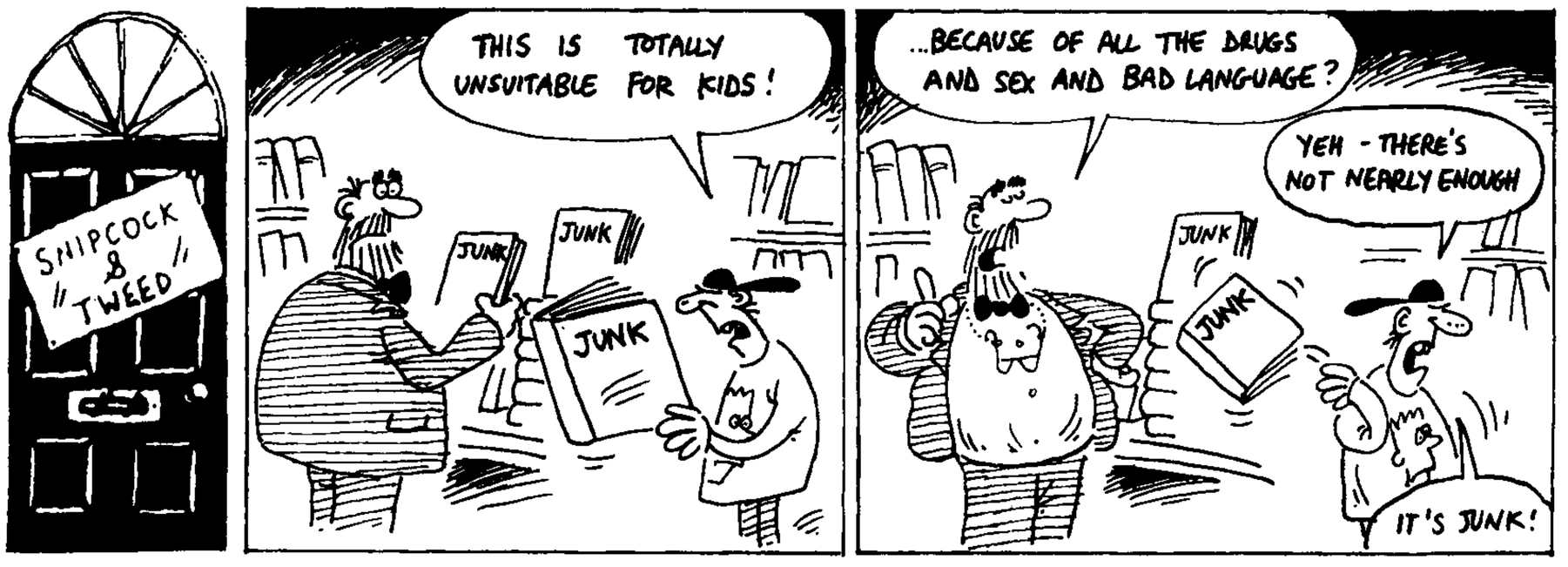
ONE of the great annual cultural events in the North (*Shurely shome oxymoron? Ed.*) has just had another successful outing: the Yorkshire Pudding Festival, by which soubriquet the York Early Music Festival is known.

Having pushed itself to the forefront of similar cultural jamborees by a combination of clever marketing, lottery money and skilful manipulation of BBC Radio 3, the festival, which seems to take its visible direction from Peter Seymour (aka the Yorkshire Pudding), now basks (rather as its whale-like artistic adviser in his personal sauna) in the reflected glow of more than £1m, which is the sum awarded to the festival to establish a centre for early music in a redundant church on a York council estate.

Some punters, especially local ones, were less happy to discover the extent of Peter Seymour's nepotistic practices in concert promotion, not least because of the high price of tickets. The opening event, Mass in B Minor by J.S. Bach, appropriately sponsored (to the tune of untold thousands) by the "Listening Bank", just happened to feature Mrs Yvonne Pudding as the soprano solo, fresh from her recent triumph of having been let go from York University after students refused to have her imposed on them as the official singing teacher.

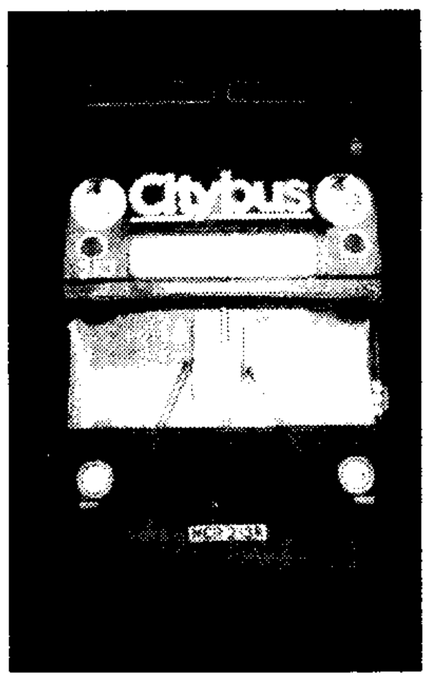
Perhaps it was for her that the title of this year's festival was "Celebrating the glory of the voice". Together with two former Pudding-choristers, now made good, as well as the Yorkshire Bach Choir ("The Pudding Factory"), Mr Seymour himself presided over an under-rehearsed and lacklustre performance — including at least one total collapse in the bass section, apparently overcome by emotion.

Of course the Yorkshire Pudding, no stranger to these columns, is an excellent employer to anyone who has been admitted to his circle, as it were. Of other events during the week-long festival, five included Mr Seymour in one guise or other, and many more feature various acolytes and colleagues from the university music department. As well as this, in an especially cosy deal stitched up with Radio 3 some years ago, various concerts are recorded for broadcast. Loyalty of the particular BBC producer in question, Graham Dixon (who has a brief for early music), has been ensured by the simple expedient of giving him an official position as "artistic adviser". More than a few eyebrows have been raised since this latter appointment might well breach BBC guidelines on ethics.



# footnotes

# AN ESOP'S FABLE




*MOIR LOCKHEAD and his latest prize*

**A BUS company which was carefully set up to guarantee everlasting control by its workers is being swallowed by the biggest bus giant in the country.**

For many years Southampton city council ran an efficient and profitable bus service. Then, following the arrival of Margaret Thatcher and the great privatisation craze of the 1980s, council-owned bus companies were suddenly threatened with a law that would force them to sell to private enterprise. Southampton decided to sell its whole undertaking very cheaply to Citybus, a firm that was owned exclusively by its employees.

Citybus was set up with the help of London consultants Capital Strategies, who emphasised their commitment to workers' control — or in modern language "employee share ownership and participation" (ESOP). Workers and managers were given equal shares in Citybus, and the majority shareholding (52 percent) was put into an employee benefit trust. Three of the six trustees were elected by the workers and three were "independents" — Bill Cox, an army veteran, Willy Coupar, from the Industrial Participation Association, and Leon Boros from Capital Strategies.

Once Citybus was set up, the owner-drivers were rarely consulted. They grew uneasy when subsidiaries were flogged off without the workers even informed. The drivers demanded a change in the articles of the company to give them more say. In a ballot, despite almost hysterical management pressure to vote against, the drivers voted 60-40 for the change.

They then assumed that the employee benefit trust which was set up to look after their interests would cast its votes in line with the ballot. They were astonished and shocked when the trust abstained. As a result, the necessary majority for the changes could not be secured. Although the drivers owned the company and voted to change the rules, they couldn't do so.

Leon Boros, an EBT trustee, tells the *Eye* the changes required by the workers "would have been in conflict with the trustees' fiduciary responsibilities to act in the best interests of the beneficiaries". Jennie Sand of the transport and general workers union says: "In our lawyers' view the trustees were completely wrong — but we couldn't afford the time or the money to sue."

In the resulting confusion a white knight came riding over the hill with a solution. Firstbus, formerly Badgerline, proposed to buy Citybus and add it to its vast bus empire. The Citybus managers are very keen on the idea. So are Capital Strategies, who have been retained by five trustees of the employee benefit trust to advise on the Firstbus offer.

The *Eye* asked Leon Boros, of Capital Strategies, if he thought a conflict of interest might arise from his role as adviser to the trustees on the Firstbus offer when he himself had been a trustee and his firm had advised the company how to stay under worker-ownership. He replied: "I have not been personally involved in the provision of this advice which has been dealt with by two of my colleagues."

The pattern established at Southampton has been followed all over the country. Formerly modest but efficient public service bus companies which were sold off cheaply to their managements or workers have been gobbled up by the new private duopoly, Stagecoach (chairman: Brian Souter, a born-again Christian) and Firstbus (chairman: Moir Lockhead, a born-again Christian). As *Eye* readers will recall, the holy duopoly tends to recoup the cost of buying bus companies by fashionable "firm management" and "down-sizing" (ie sackings and cuts).

# Bread and Butterflies

**MORE problems for the Church Commissioners in their efforts to plug the hole in their finances caused by profligate property speculation in the 1980s — they are engaging in more property speculation.**

When Winchester district council published its recent district plan, it emphasised that the old army camp at Bushfield would be developed only for recreational purposes. This was strongly opposed by the Church Commissioners who own land on the site.

"At some future date," the commissioners argued, "there may need to be some housing or commercial development". This was roundly rejected by the government inspector and the commissioners were sent packing, licking their wounds.

Now they are in the news again over negotiations with Hampshire Butterfly Conservation, which wants to buy church land at Magdalen Hill Down for a butterfly reserve. Everyone seemed happy about the plan, and the butterfly enthusiasts applied for, and got, a lottery grant. Then, suddenly, the commissioners pulled out of the deal, issuing a bromide statement that "the land achieved an important part in our strategic positioning of landholding in Winchester".

The *Eye* asked Winchester's planning committee chairman Rodney Sabine if the church's bizarre behaviour over Madgalen Hill Down was a display of sour grapes following its rebuff at Bushfield. "You might say that," he replied. "I couldn't possibly comment."

# High Principals

## AUSTIN ALL AGGRO

**■ INTO the lists for the keenly-contested SODFE Award (Sacker Of the Decade in Further Education) strides Michael Austin, chief executive of Accrington and Rossendale College.**

Austin has just wasted £60,000 of college money trying to defend the crude victimisation of Pat Walsh, a popular history lecturer with 17 years' service.

Last Christmas, on the day before his wedding, Mr Walsh was summoned to a five-minute meeting with Austin, told he was redundant and ordered to get out of the college at once. Needless to say, Walsh was branch secretary of NATFHE, the lecturers' trade union.

The college's case against Walsh collapsed disastrously on the second day of the hearing at Manchester industrial tribunal after an embarrassing performance by Austin's deputy principal, Tim Atkinson. The tribunal chairman could not get a straight answer to three questions. Why was length of service a reason for redundancy in this case, and none other? Why was Walsh sacked when his team leader's job, not his, had been abolished? And why was he offered no other work even though his chief colleague in his department was chronically ill?

Shortly before Mr Austin was due to give evidence, the college threw in the towel and agreed out of court to pay Mr Walsh £27,000 — only slightly less than the maximum he could have got if the tribunal had found he had been victimised for trade union activities. The result was described by the union as "an utter disgrace for chief executive Austin".

QUOTE TO REMEMBER: Writing in the *Times Educational Supplement* on 21 April 1995, Mr Austin recounted how he had been lobbied by a private lecturers' agency, ELS, which advised him to sack all his part-time lecturers, give their names to ELS and re-employ them on freelance contracts.

"The scheme," wrote Mr Austin, "may solve some technical difficulties of employment law, but does nothing for any sense of bonding between college and lecturer." Mr Austin's commitment to that sense of bonding on display 15 months later when he sacked all the college part-time lecturers and forced them into ELS.

**■ At Doncaster College NATFHE rep John Giddins has lost his appeal against his sacking.**

A meeting of five governors, all strong supporters of college principal Terry Ashurst, was minuted by the clerk to the governors, Nina, wife of Terry, Ashurst. Nina asked Giddins if he thought she ought to attend his appeal. Giddins replied contemptuously that her attendance was a matter for her. She thought about the possible conflict of interest long and hard... and decided she should be there.

# All Quiet on the Mersey Beat

**LIBERAL DEMOCRAT councillor John Pugh, a member of the Merseyside police authority, was rather shocked when he read that Alison Halford, former assistant chief constable, had won her privacy case in the European courts against the Merseyside police chiefs who had tapped her phone.**

In a secret session of the authority, Coun Pugh had the audacity to ask if anyone had authorised the phone tapping and, if so, who and why. The authority chairman, Coun Carol Gustafson, asked the police to leave the room, though the chief constable Sir Jim Sharples stayed. The clerk to the authority, Mr David Henshaw, then decreed that no one must say anything at all about the Halford case. When Coun Pugh tried to argue that the matter was in the public interest, he was howled down by the other members and the meeting was quickly brought to an end.

Mr Henshaw and his authority were not always so coy about publicity in the Halford case. On 9 January 1992 they issued a long press statement setting out in meticulous detail the bizarre, obscene and ludicrous charges against Alison Halford. All these charges were denied and later disproved. When Ms Halford finally settled her unfair dismissal case against the authority out of court, she was paid a substantial sum in compensation.

Coun Pugh is going round asking why a police authority which publishes unproved charges against a former officer is not prepared even to discuss the illegal tapping of her telephone by her superior officers. He also wants to know what is the point of having elected members on a police authority if elementary discussion, even in secret, of such a blatant invasion of a senior officer's privacy is banned. Can anyone help him?

# A TURNY GENERAL

**■ IF YOU'RE worried about a decision by the legal authorities, is it an advantage to have the attorney-general as your MP? The people of Aberavon, south Wales, are not sure.**

They were furious at the decision of the crown prosecution service (CPS) not to prosecute those responsible for the horrible deaths of Ryan Preece and Robert Simpson. The men were maintaining a sewage pumping system when a machine got stuck. Ryan Preece went down to unblock it but was overcome by chemical fumes. Robert Simpson jumped in to save his mate but he too was swiftly poisoned by the chemicals. Both men died.

The health and safety executive (HSE) says it will prosecute Neath Port Talbot council for technical offences for which the maximum sentence is a £20,000 fine. Overwhelmingly, the people in Aberavon and Neath, where the dead workers' families live, demand criminal prosecutions for corporate manslaughter.

Indeed, 33,000 people have signed a petition protesting at the CPS decision not to prosecute. At first, the petitioners thought they were lucky that the MP for Aberavon is John Morris QC, attorney-general, the senior law officer in the Commons who leads important prosecutions for the crown. They were delighted on 17 June when Mr Morris's office issued a statement: "The attorney-general will discuss with the director of public prosecutions any petition he receives." If the attorney-general "discusses" something with the DPP, reflected the petitioners, the DPP must listen very carefully.

*JOHN MORRIS, MP, QC*

But by 11 July when the petition was handed in, Mr Morris's tone had changed. "I am not here as attorney-general," said the attorney-general, "only as an MP. I have followed this matter very closely. Everything possible has been done in my capacity as MP." The innuendo was clear. Once the CPS has taken an unpopular and craven decision, Mr Morris has a choice. He can lobby feebly as an MP — or keep absolutely quiet as attorney-general.

# QUEST for truth

**■ JEAN PITT was rather surprised when she was handed an invoice charging £89,207 for a gala dinner held in aid of her cancer charity. The total raised at the dinner was £113,000.**

The main item in the invoice was the "fee" of Lady Elizabeth Anson, a cousin of the queen, whose firm Party Planners organised the dinner last February for Quest, a small charity Mrs Pitt set up after her son died of cancer.

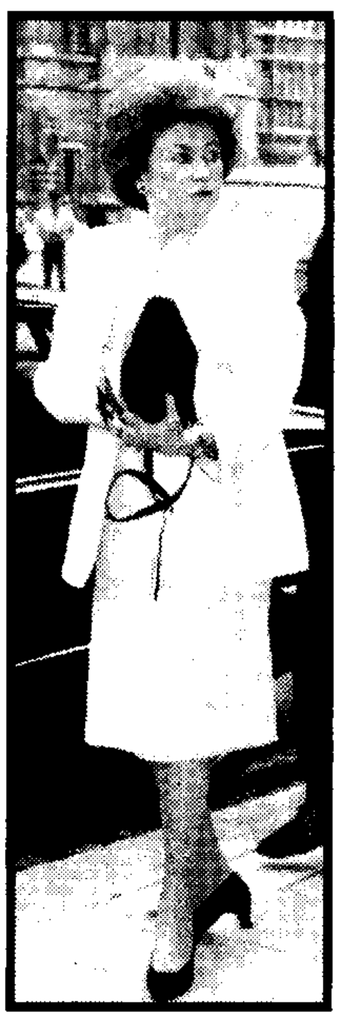
The dinner was held at the Savoy on 20 February and was attended by a host of famous guests including Richard Branson, Lord Archer and Esther Rantzen. The invoice gave details of Lady Elizabeth's work in organising the event as "169 hours at £60 an hour" and "284 hours in the evening at £120 an hour", plus consultation fees of £7,100 -- a total of £51,340.

Jean Pitt had already paid £10,000 and was not expecting to shell out any more. Several times the Savoy guests had been told that "everything has been donated". Quest's accountant Roger Ward refused to accept the invoice and insisted that the word "cancelled" was written all over it.

The *Eye* asked Lady Elizabeth about the invoice, and got a reply from her West End solicitors, Radcliffes, as follows:

1) The sum of £10,000 was a payment on account of fees, disbursements and the Savoy. The disbursements and the Savoy bill alone amounted to £9,863.

2) My client arranged for a pro forma invoice to be processed for the meeting of 8th April 1997, so that Mrs Pitt could see how much time and effort had gone into organising the event. It was not an invoice which was intended for payment. At that meeting Mrs Pitt agreed to discuss with Mr Ward a suitable sum for my client's fees and would then make an offer. No offer, to date, has been received. Any suggestion by Mrs Pitt that my client has in any way acted improperly is entirely without foundation. The evening was a very considerable success and this was entirely due to the efforts of her and her staff."



***LADY ELIZABETH:*** *I worked my fingers to the bone*

Mr Ward says the invoice which was presented "gave no indication that it was pro forma" — which is why he insisted it was cancelled. The suggestion that he agreed to make a further offer to cover the costs is, he says, "entirely untrue". Instead, he says, further costs should be charged on another invoice "in accordance with the terms of business agreed in writing at the outset". An uneasy stalemate prevails.

# THE HANGING OF DAVID GREEN

**■ WHEN David Green, 15, was arrested for burglary in Hartlepool on Easter Sunday, he told police: "If you lock me up, I'll kill myself." The police promptly locked him up.**

The following day David's father went to the police station and saw his son. After a short meeting, David was taken away again. Again he begged not to be locked up, but was banged up in an adult cell. A few minutes later his father, who was still in the police station, heard a terrific commotion of men running down passages and phoning for an ambulance.

"That's not our David, is it?" he cried out. It was. Somehow the boy had managed to hang himself by inserting the cord of his tracksuit into an opening in the cell door. He never recovered consciousness and died in hospital two days later.

Ruth Bundey, the Green family's solicitor, told the *Eye*: "The family are completely distraught. We will want to find out at the inquest why David was put in an adult cell — in breach of the rules for 15-year-olds in the police and criminal evidence act. We have no information. The coroner has instructed the police not to give us any documents."

Cleveland police passed the case to the police complaints authority (PCA), which has come up with a brilliant idea for an objective investigator — a senior officer from Cleveland police. The PCA issued two press statements after David's death. The first, on 1 April, announced that David was found "unconscious in his cell". The second, on 3 April, revealed: "He has been found hanging in the detention room."

Deborah Coles, of Inquest, which campaigns against deaths in custody, contacted David's family and arranged for Ruth Bundey to represent them. She says: "This is a deeply shocking case and I am appalled by the secrecy surrounding the police investigation and the insensitivity shown to David's family." She contacted the Greens' MP, Peter Mandelson, who wrote to the police about the case and was so unhappy with the reply he has written again.

*You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 0171 287 3183*

# In the City

LIKE OZYMANDIAS, Sir James Goldsmith leaves little behind over which to either weep or wonder. There were bigger and better corporate raiders. There were empire builders who built greater, more permanent testimonials to their business skills. All Goldsmith built was a pile of money over which assorted taxmen and his fractious tribe will doubtless fight now that the chief is dead. But then Goldsmith was a man who proclaimed a personal lack of interest in mementoes.

With his billionaire price tag there will be a queue of tax inspectors forming to seek their share. France, Britain, Spain and even Mexico are expected to stake a claim. With homes in all four countries, nationality in two (France and Britain) but dying in a third (Spain) and with the possibility of being buried/scattered in the fourth (Mexico), in true Goldsmith style, the possibilities for hiding the true scale of his fortune and keeping it away from the taxman are many and various.

At issue in tax terms will be what — if any — assets Goldsmith held in his own name and where he is considered to have been domiciled (for British purposes) or normally resident (for French and possibly Spanish/Mexican purposes).

Goldsmith has in the past claimed to be resident in both France and Britain for tax purposes but that would have appeared to refer to any liability for income tax. Goldsmith would have been able to minimise tax on any funds received in Britain by describing the money as remittances of capital from abroad and so non-taxable.

Unless Goldsmith ever opted for Britain as a domicile of choice (most unlikely), he would have been able to claim either a domicile of origin in Germany (where his father was born) or France (where he was born and his family lived for many years). That would seem to put the Inland Revenue out of the game, even though Goldsmith had a British home (Ormeley Lodge in Richmond) available for his use — the test for tax residence — because Goldsmith never lived there for long periods. Ormeley Lodge is owned by a Cayman Island company so is also unlikely to be available to the Revenue.

The position in France seems less clear. For not only did Goldsmith have two homes there and French nationality, but until at least 1987 he personally owned 40 percent of his offshore-controlled, transatlantic empire, and that holding had to be French based because of the food and media interests held through his French master company Generale Occidentale. French tax law defines residence and tax liability by whether individuals and their families not only normally live in France but have their business base or substantial interests there. Goldsmith had not one but two families with separate homes living in France while he lived supposedly in Mexico.

All of which may help explain — rather than tales of beds and sunshine — why the dying Goldsmith was determined not to die in his chateau but at his hacienda and to be cremated locally. Spain may be more generous when it comes to death duties, particularly if it has a tax treaty with Mexico where Goldsmith spent most of his time and gave as his residential address as director of the Referendum party.

But the most likely barrier to any tax bill, never mind the three-figure-millions size tax claim suggested, will be the walls of offshore secrecy erected long ago in the tax havens of Panama, the Caymans and most of all Liechtenstein — also the last resting place of choice of that other great benefactor of mankind, Cap'n Bob.

In the late seventies Goldsmith moved control of his British, French and American interests to Hong Kong and a parent company General Oriental (GO). Beyond GO he created a structure whereby ownership resided first in a Panama company (Lido) which was owned 60:40 by the Brunneria Foundation in Liechtenstein and himself.

Only once — in May 1980 when making his first corporate raid on timber group Diamond International — was Goldsmith forced to testify under oath about how he controlled his empire. He said that 60 percent of the assets had been transferred to a foundation "the income of which would be used for doing something worthwhile".

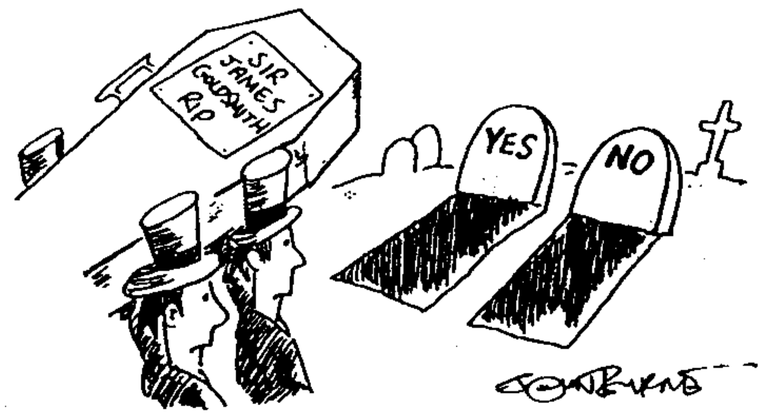
This suggested that Brunneria was in some way a charity. Unlikely given that Goldsmith was no philanthropist, other than to those who shared his loony-tune views, and definitely believed that charity began at home.

The "beneficial ownership" of Brunneria's capital was said to reside with the three trustees — long trusted Goldsmith lawyers in Vaduz, Geneva and Paris. The trust, said Goldsmith, was irrevocable. The trustees, as is usual in such arrangements, had a clear discretion as to how they used the income. And it became clear — should anyone have thought otherwise — that they answered to Goldsmith as the settlor or protector of the trust. It was later admitted in company documents that Goldsmith enjoyed a "certain authority" over Brunneria.

Ten years later in 1990, after Goldsmith had sold his French interests, it emerged that Lido had been replaced by another Panamanian company, Enderbury, as the controlling shareholder of the Cayman company General Oriental Investments which now owned most if not all Goldsmith interests. And rather than the old 60 percent interest held by Lido, Enderbury held 100 percent. All of which may have been aimed at heading off or minimising any French tax attack. Brunneria had also been joined in Liechtenstein by the Overton Foundation which appeared to own certain assets. All designed to keep taxmen of all nations at bay.

Just how large is the Goldsmith fortune may forever be shielded by the same offshore smokescreen. When he called the stock market right in 1987 and cashed up Goldsmith was reckoned to be worth around $1.25bn. A year later General Oriental Investments — two thirds controlled by Goldsmith — showed gross assets of $2.4bn and net assets worth over $1.6m.

But just how much the Goldsmith legacy was worth when he died could well depend on his fascination with gold. In 1990 Goldsmith swapped his valuable US timber forests, probably General Oriental Investments' major asset, for a $1.1bn stake in Newmont Mining, the largest US gold miner. Goldsmith believed, like his fictional twin Auric Goldfinger, that gold was the only really safe haven for the rich in a world about to end. The gold price




was then over $400 an ounce, down from the near $700 of inflation ridden 1980. But with the Gulf War looming and AIDS, politicians and the poor threatening life as he knew it, Goldsmith was badly bitten by the gold bug.

But this time he guessed wrong. The price went down. Three years later, in 1993, Goldsmith scrambled out of Newmont just about ahead, selling most of his holding for around $1.2bn.

And that is where the mystery begins. With no major listed investments, it has not been possible since then to estimate Goldsmith's wealth in the same way as multi-billionaires like Microsoft's Bill Gates. All has depended on what Goldsmith did with the Newmont cash. Goldsmith claimed he had reinvested a large part of the Newmont cash directly into gold — at least $395m when the gold price was $348. The price had been hyped by Goldsmith talking up gold which enabled him to unload the Newmont shares. No problem for an experienced market manipulator from way back.

But gold is now near a 12-year low at $324. There would have been opportunities for "Goldfinger" to deal out at a profit — even this year. But if Goldsmith retained his faith in the metal — and he remained bearish of shares which have gone to record highs in London and Wall Street — then the fortune may have taken something of a dent, especially as gold provides no income.

Not that Goldsmith remained out of the stock market completely after the 1987 crash. He made small buys in Australia and recently netted $40m from selling his Guatemalan oil producer Basic Petroleum. But he was also active less visibly. Stock Exchange investigators were told by an individual working in his London office that Goldsmith had loaded up with £650m of BAT shares through offshore accounts before making his abortive unbundling bid in 1989. This could not be proved, but if true that would have produced a large tax free profit.

As is the British way, even the unappealing Goldsmith becomes sanitized by death. But those who may have sympathy for the manner of his dying should recall his typically kind hearted comment to Barbara Conway, one of the few financial journalists prepared to question Goldsmith's motives and methods: "I live for the day when people like you choke on your own vomit."

Goldsmith did not get his wish. Barbara Conway, ironically like the man obituaries described as so charming, died of cancer a few years ago. But the people like her who Goldsmith so hated for daring to investigate his business affairs have had the last laugh on a man who never saw the joke.

***'Slicker'***

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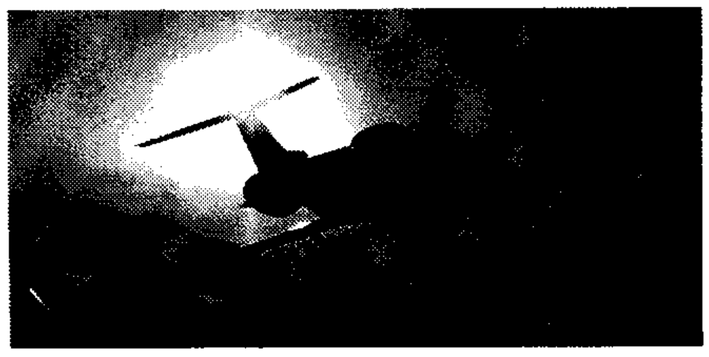

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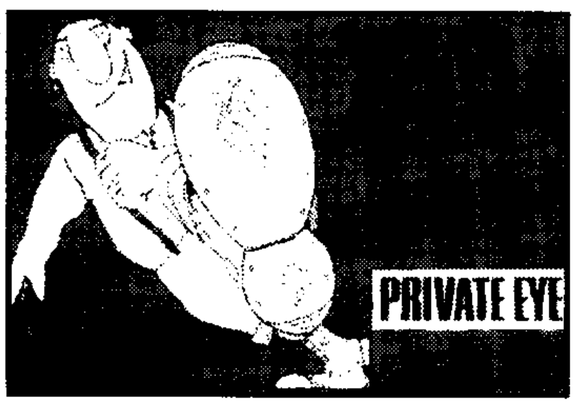


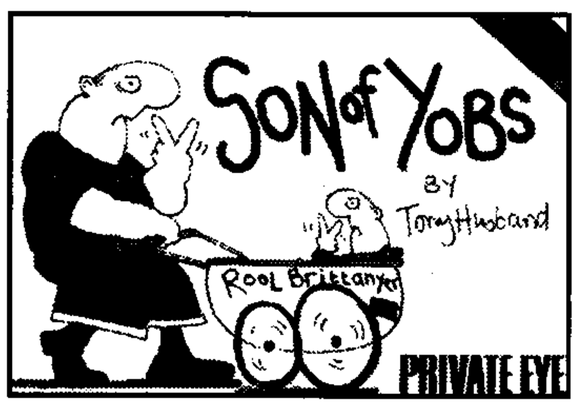

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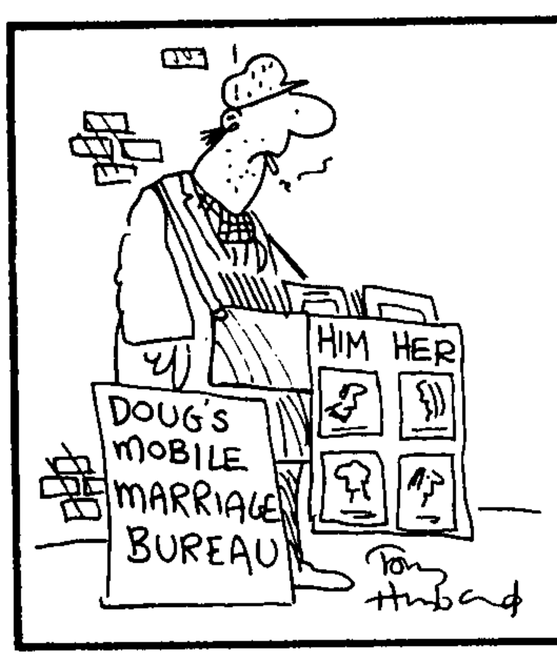


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**Deadline for next issue — 29th JULY**

QUOTE

*The classic films of Walt Disney are filled with distorted images of madness, according to psychiatrist Dr Beveridge. He says insanity is a main theme running through most of the Disney films. For example, Dumbo's mother is locked up for being a mad elephant. In Beauty And The Beast, Beauty is labelled mad by villagers and her inventor father is a "crazy old loon". In Alice In Wonderland the mad guests at the Mad Hatter's Tea Party are perverse, violent and impossible to talk to.*

FIONA CAIRNS, The Guardian.

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**HECTOR THE GOAT** is 30 on 24 July. Congratulations. Love, Mrs H.

**CELEB SAYS:** Alex. Who the fuck is Alex?

**PARTY, PARTY, PARTY** — see Eye Go Out.

**MAKE FRIENDS** in AMERICA — See EYE CONTACT

**SPEECHWRITING** by MITCH MURRAY. See Page 31.

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**GORGEOUS ORIENTAL** ladies. UK-RENDEZVOUS (MM1), 287 Regent St, W1R 7PB.

**THE THAI CONNECTION** — established 8 years. FREE brochure 01582 481725.

**ACROSS THE GREAT DIVIDE** — the inter-generational dating agency, sae: PO Box 140, Leeds LS6 3TN.

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**EXCLUSIVE INTRODUCTIONS** with quality people — M4 and M5 area. CAROLINE CROWTHER 0117 973 5877.

**WANT TO MEET** beautiful, caring oriental ladies for romance and marriage? ORIENTAL DATES, PO Box 1159, Bristol BS99 2NT.

**ADVENTUROUS CLUB** for new experiences. Parties, Magazine — dynamite! Call 01234 264426 XT 116.

**BEAUTIFUL THAI LADIES** — colour brochure 01689 860880.

**INTERESTED IN** nice PEN PALS? Worldwide? Info: GLOBAL PENFRIENDS SERVICE, Blumenstr. 44, 70182 Stuttgart, Germany.

**CLUB RUSSIA** — Beautiful women-correspondence-holidays-visas-flats available Moscow,Kiev. Tel: (01248) 355640, Fax 371711, Write Russia House, Bangor (P) LL57 2HF.

**ATTRACTIVE, SINCERE** central European women make perfect partners. Gentlemen contact: HARMONY INTRODUCTIONS, 12 Gwyn Close, Newbury RG14 6JB.

**ADORABLE** Oriental beauties. Tel/Fax 07000 783 810.

**WORLDWIDE CONTACTS** — sae REBECCA, 68/P Field Lane, Frimley GU16 5JZ.

**MARGARET'S SPECIAL PEN** Club — make new friends today UK & overseas. SAE details: PO Box 1, Prestwick, Ayrshire KA9 1RJ. Est.1986.

**RUSSIAN INTRODUCTIONS** — 01276 502134.

**ADULT NATIONWIDE** contact club — exclusive magazine, weekly parties. Couples and singles. Phone 01234 264 409.

**HEDONISM PARTIES** — decadent, uninhibited, exhibitionist, funloving, risque party animals. S.A.E. PO Box 153 Greenford, UB6 8LY — 0181 575 2052.

**UPWRITE PENFRIENDS** — make friends in AMERICA. For details write: UPWRITE PENFRIENDS, 274 Eastchester Drive, Suite 117-115, High Point, NC 27262 — 7721, USA.

**PLUMP PARTNERS** — National Dating Agency. If you are plump or prefer a plump partner — ring 01352 715909.

**YOUNG LADIES** worldwide seek penpals, friends, lifemates. Free details, photos! HERMES, Box 610188/S, 10922 Berlin, Germany. Fax: 0049-30-25299775.

**VEGETARIAN MATCHMAKERS** — 0181 348 5229.

**CLUB X** — private contacts, weekly adult parties, exclusive magazine, couples/singles. 07000 781 652

**PERSON TO PERSON** — best singles magazine in universe. Free details PLUS Bargain Offer! (Dept PE/6) PO Box 4, Goring-on-Thames, RG8 9DN.

# EYE LOVE

**DINNER? FANCY** pasta and too much wine with us? We are: Female, thirty-something, professional and not bad looking! You: Ditto, please (but male!). No talk of property market, school fees or sad excuses why you're single. London. Box 1729.

**GOOD-LOOKING MALE,** 31, seeks slim female, any race, for discreet affair. Photo appreciated. London. Box 1029.

**THIRTY-SOMETHING** male on threshold of momentous event seeks classy lady 20s 30s to share celebrations. Box 1129.

**INTELLIGENT, FUN-LOVING** graduate, 38, with many interests, based in Peterborough, seeks open-hearted woman. Box 1229.

**ANTIQUE DEALER**, 48, living London and France. Interesting, personable, married, but neglected, seeks lady for stable, loving relationship. Box 1329.

**PROFESSIONAL MAN,** 55+, unhappily married, seeks artistic, sensuous, sensual female 25+ similar situation. Interesting letter plus photo would be appreciated. Box 1429.

**MALE, 27,** 6ft2, medium build, reasonable looks. Honest, considerate, shy. Seeks female for relationship. Brighton. Box 1529.

**A LARGE,** well-educated London lady (45) is looking for a lover. Box 1629.

**BUXOM REDHEADED** Rapunzel (26), requires rescuer — own lance essential. (N.E.) Box 1829.

**ACADEMIC MALE** (38), attached, attractive, compassionate, artsy and fit, seeks female for conversation, intimacy and wit. Discretion assured. Edinburgh/Glasgowish. Box 2729.

**ATTRACTIVE, IRISH** female wanted for impromptu marriage, stressed family life, late night drunken arguments, public brawling and divorce. Box 1929.

**GRADUATE, SURREY**-based seeks Mrs Robinson. Box 2329.

**VERY MASTERFUL MALE** seeks attractive, intelligent demure submissive female supplicant 25/35. GU/KT area. Box 2129.

**PLEASANTLY DEVILISH** professional married male, tall, late 40s with high sex drive (thank God for the vasectomy!) seeks adventurous lady for discreet, exciting liaisons. West London/Home Counties preferred. Box 2229.

**MUSICAL ENGLISHMAN,** 39, married, tall, slim, dark-haired, clean shaven and cultured public school product, kind in nature and mind, seeks tall slim musician girlfriend 22-35 similarly cultured, with long hair and exquisite legs. Box 2429.

**BLUE-EYED,** hedonistic SW London musician, 52, seeks lithe, lustful, long-haired woman. Box 2529.

**BALI** — English bachelor (very young 50) welcomes male-unaccompanied attractive ladies to visit his luxury villa (security guaranteed). Don't miss this private paradise. Tel: COLIN (0062 361) 941 290, Fax: 941 291.

**STUNNINGLY ATTRACTIVE**, well educated, pleasant, long legged submissive female sought by late 40s, tall, educated, professional male for shared exciting fun w/e and holidays. Discretion assured. Please write with photo, phone no. ALA. West Midlands. Box 2629.

**ATTRACTIVE, SLIM** woman, 48, no ties, sardonic humour wants similar man with own teeth and hair! If Tory and/or impotent with overwhelming emotional baggage, please reply to someone else!! London. Box 2829.

**BORED BLOKE,** 23, tall, slim, seeks bored bird for loving liaison. Box 2929.

**ADORABLE, ORIENTAL** beauty, 27, affectionate, feminine, passionate, gorgeous figure, vgsoh, many interests, seeks kind loving male partner 30-60, looks unimportant, for love, possible marriage. ALA. SAE please. Anywhere. Box 3029.

**ATTACHED, UNLOVED** but loyal professional man, 38, usual self-affirming description. Seeks similar female for fun and adventure. North West. Box 3229.

**DENTAL/MEDICAL** driver required. 1956 genuine attractive model. Parks: hospital, golf club, gym. NW/Any. Box 3329.

**SEEKING LADY** into live music, pubs, travel, humour, fun, and who does not find inexperience a turn-off. Male, 29, not bad looking. Please write. Box 3429.

**"EXIST?"** — single, professional guy, 20s/30s. Humorous, sincere, sociable, sporty-ish, heaps o' fun... romantic? Similar, blue-eyed blonde gal needs convincing! Box 3529.

**MIDLANDS MAN,** 42, slim, specs, balding, intelligent, seeks sensual genuine lady for lasting relationship. Box 3829.

**NEWLY UNATTACHED MAN,** 43 years, intelligent, caring, solvent, sociable with artistic interests seeks zany, intelligent, artistic, attractive woman, 30 to 40 years, non-smoker, for holistic fun-filled, long-term relationship. Single parent welcomed. South-West/London. Box 3629.

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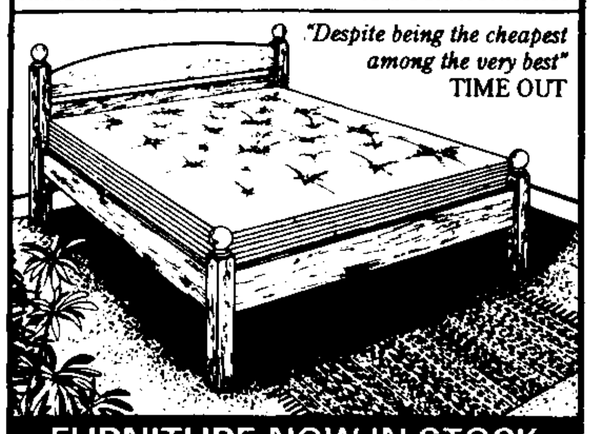

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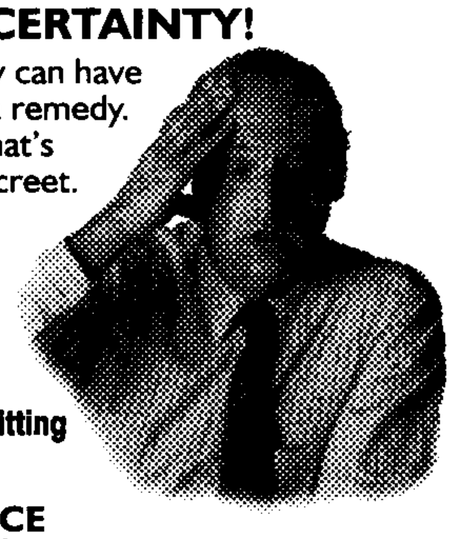

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**MARRIED MALE,** 50, seeks home counties lady for regular caring daytime relationship. Box 3128.

**MAN 45** — bright, fit, attractive, kind, attached, seeks similarly unfulfilled woman any age, North London. Box 2827.

## EYE SOLDIER

**TALL, BLONDE,** steely-eyed dealer of death and destruction seeks unattached male with gsoh for fun correspondence during an operational tour and who knows what else? Box 0929.


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# Making the right choice

With over eight million single men and women in the UK* between the ages of 18 and 64 you might have thought it would be easy to meet someone special. However, people usually meet at work or within the confines of their social circle and even though you may have an interesting job and a busy social life a compatible partner could still be difficult to find.

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*for information call us on*
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***or visit our website***
**www.dateline.uk.com**

## 1. Personal Information

Mr ☐ Mrs ☐ Miss ☐ Ms ☐

Surname: _____

First Name: _____

Address: _____

_____

_____

Post Code _____

*I am seriously interested in meeting someone through Dateline.*

Marital Status: Single ☐ Divorced ☐ Widowed ☐ Separated ☐

Age: _____ Height: _____

Occupation: _____

Religion: _____

Build: Slight ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐

Attractiveness: Very attractive ☐ Attractive ☐ Average ☐

## 2. Education

Private / Public ☐ Grammar ☐
Comprehensive ☐ Sec. Modern ☐

O Levels / GCSE's ☐ A levels ☐
Further Education ☐

University / Professional Equivalent ☐
Technical Qualification ☐

## 3. Your Personality

*(tick which traits closely describe you)*

☐ Affectionate ☐ Fashionable
☐ Serious ☐ Practical
☐ Considerate ☐ Conventional
☐ Shy ☐ Reliable
☐ Romantic ☐ Adventurous

## 4. Your Attitudes

*(tick for yes, cross for no or leave blank)*

☐ Do you involve yourself with community activities?
☐ Are you looking for one special relationship?
☐ Does your work make it difficult to meet new people?
☐ Do you want to extend your social life as well as finding a special relationship?
☐ Do you devote a lot of time to your social life?

## 5. Your interests

*(sections 5. and 6. Please tick for a like, cross for dislike or leave blank for no preference.)*

☐ Wining/Dining ☐ Jazz/Folk music
☐ Pubs ☐ Classical music
☐ Sports/Keep fit ☐ Theatre/Arts
☐ Politics/History ☐ Watching TV
☐ Reading ☐ Smoking
☐ Travelling ☐ Astrology
☐ Science/Tech ☐ Children
☐ Cinema ☐ Homemaking
☐ Pets/Animals ☐ Gardening
☐ Pop music ☐ Countryside

## 6. Details of your ideal partner

Minimum age: Maximum age:

Height: min. max. Don't mind ☐

Marital status:

Single ☐ Divorced ☐
Widowed ☐ Separated ☐
Don't mind ☐

Build: Slight ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐

Attractiveness: Very attractive ☐ Attractive ☐ Average ☐

Dateline Anniversary Est. 1966 30 YEAR

**Dept. PE 66**

# Dateline

ISSN 0032-888X

9 770032 888044 29

Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1. 0171-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11. 0171-223 9971